THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. R. BONNER, (EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, 115 & 117 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.) NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1861. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 38.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

OLD FRIENDS.

BY ALICE CARY.

You with Fortune's gale that float,
Welcome to my rough-hewn boat!
Pleasant is your rainy view,
But, oh friends, of rainy weather,
Yonder love I bear to you,
We have braved rude winds together.

Pleasure's to a chance may never,
But the ties of sorrow, sever;
And, old friends, though bitter storms
Part us, in my dreams I gather
Each of you in memory's arms,
And we sail all night together.

All night long toward that far shore
Whither hope has gone before.
For life's promise now is lost—
Time has cut youth's golden tether,
And we feel the autumn frost
Falling on our heads together.

But though gloom our voyage enshrouds,
Day breaks brighter in the clouds;
And though earth be dark and cold,
Heaven is made of flowery weather,
And as here we're growing old,
There, we shall grow young together.

THE WHITE TERROR.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE HUGUENOT MAID," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

A violent rattling at his door aroused Mr. Lecour from his leaden slumbers, but the voice of old Eady reassured him, as he started up in affright. The broad glare of daylight was streaming into the apartment through the open shutters, and the pale flame of the candles looked feeble and sickly in contrast with it.

He glanced around the room, and hurriedly replacing the curtain over the picture of the unhappy queen, proceeded to open the door.

The negress stood without, with the breakfast tray lightly poised upon her head, and she peered curiously at her master while she arranged the table. She noted the disorder in which the room was left by his wild dance of the previous night, and with a degree of freedom which had become habitual to her, she bluntly said—

"Seems to me de debbil's bin to pay here las' night. What's gwine to come o' you, I'd like to know, if you keeps on cuttin' up like mad, as you'm bin doin' o' late? I learn you a eternable' ole gobi' on even in my ole shanty, cher so for off."

"Why didn't you come to me then, you old thunder cloud? I am sure I called you loud enough, if you had chosen to hear me."

The woman gave him a shrewd glance as she replied:

"I've come afore'time at your call, an' you knows what I got for dat' mention. Sa—blush you, sir; old Eady's head aint a-gwine to poke itself where it'll be likely to get pounded for nothin'. Is done bines to go in de pos'-office, sir? Pierre is uncommon willin' to take 'em, for he's comin' another taste o' de stuff dat takes away de use o' de little brains de creeter have."

"Put the room in order, and take the letters to Pierre, with strict orders from me not to get drunk again, or I will punish him with a night in the picture-room. That threat will keep him sober, I think."

"Hi! I dow' 'no' dat; cure you see, fool as he is, Pierre knows you aint a gwine to put him in chay. The fastest reason is, he'd die o' fright afore you'd gib him in, an' de nex' is, you'm got loss many a' yer own devilries shet up in thar for you to be willin' to let him see 'em."

Pat into a good humor by the succulent breakfast she had provided for him, Mr. Lecour only laughed at a liberty of speech which, in another mood, he might have punished; but the shrewd old woman knew when to utter her jests, and her master rather liked her for the independence of her replies. He only said—

"You had better not try my forbearance too far, or you may chance to get into trouble yourself, though you would be certain to blab everything you saw if you could only find a listener."

"An' a listener I shall soon have, I suppose, in dat fine young lady Adrien's cousin' here to live on'o dis mebbe, for it's say 'plaion dat de chances is even for one or t'other. I wishes to know what room I'm to fix for her, cure de gobbins has tuck possession of all de ole parts o' de house, an' you wouldn't like her to live in de lady's room, I reckin."

A sickly pallor swept over the face of her master, and hastily replied:

"I have changed my mind, Jackdaw, and your young mistress will not come to me. You need not trouble yourself about finding a room for her, for I have written to forbid her to leave France. Reflection convinced me that no young girl could exist a week in this old den, with such a companion as I should be for her."

"Bless de Lor! dat sense sense have come back to you through ole Eady's nightcaller. I'd be glad cuff to see anything young an' gay a-comin' in here to brighten us all up, if I didn't know she'd gine herself to death. Ah, well, sir, I'll take de letters to my ole man, an' he make understand dat dey sont' go by de berry next chance."

Secretly rejoiced that her young mistress was not coming, Eady took the letters away, and a short time afterward Pierre, mounted on a small creole pony, leaned from the tangled lawn that surrounded Castle Dismal, and trotted off upon his errand. The small trading house on the bank of the Mississippi to which letters were slowly transmitted from New Orleans, was dignified with the name of post-office by the negro, but it was in reality only a depôt for such goods as were necessary to the few planters in the vicinity. The date of our story goes back to the early part of the present century; when Napoleon was meditating the seizure of imperial authority, and but one year previous to the transfer of Louisiana to the government of the United States. At that day letters were long in reaching their destination, and those to which Pierre bore replies had been two months upon their way.

The road lay through wide fields cultivated in sugar and indigo, the last of which was destined to give place to cotton and Sea Island rice. After a mile from the house, he passed a high-roofed Spanish building, surrounded by cottages, which formed the negro quarter to his master's estate; but Pierre knew better than to pause there, as he was not permitted to hold any intercourse with the other blacks. To prevent it the more effectually, Mr. Lecour had purchased himself, his wife and son from Virginia, while the female part of the place were either Africans or natives of the colony, who spoke only a corrupt kind of French. Another recommendation of the old pair was that their child was dumb—he could not reveal the secrets of his prison-house, even if tempted to do so. But the poor lad did not live many years after his transfer to a new climate.

Pierre had proceeded about half the distance toward the landing, when he descried two persons on horseback approaching him. One was a tall, dark man, with regular features and manner bespeaking to be tinged with gray. His eyes were black, piercing, yet cold in their expression, revealing an unscrupulous nature, combined with fortunesses of consequence which would make him a formidable antagonist. He was mounted on a magnificent horse, of a deep chestnut color, which looked as fiery as his rider.

The companion of this traveller was a young girl, mounted upon a white horse, very handsomely caparisoned, that corrected and bounded along as if conscious of the unusual loveliness of the burden it so daintily bore. A black travelling dress and a hood of the same color only served to display and heighten the delicate fairness of her complexion, now tinted with a rosate glow by the freshness of the winter air. Her tree was in high and smooth, with dark, sweeping lashes shading large brown eyes, that had a clearness and depth of expression which gave a clue to the character of the whole face—an index, perhaps. Her mouth was beautifully curved, with lips of rose, and pearly teeth, but that, with the small rounded chin, revealed refinement of nature, combined with firmness, even obstinacy in the pursuance of that path, which conscience told her was the right one for her to walk in.

She looked from side to side with an expression of eager interest, not blessed with violent annoyance to her companion, who was saying:

"It is not yet too late to revoke your decision, Mademoiselle. I assure you, it will be impossible for you to live under the same roof with a madman, for such Mr. Lecour undoubtedly is. I will accompany you there, since you will have it so, and permit you to judge for yourself. After seeing this old recluse, you may be willing to avail yourself of the invitation of my wife and mother to remain with her until you can settle on some plan for your future."

The girl sadly shook her head.

"No, no—I thank you from my heart for the kindness you have shown toward me, but I cannot accept Madame Crozat's offer till after her second marriage. My brother lived but a few days after he left me with Mr. Montreuil and Eugene died. For several years Louise lived in seclusion, but then she had aside her mourning, and filled her house with company.

"One evening a stranger came to her door. He was a man over forty, of attractive exterior and singular fascination of manner. In the old savage era are about to encounter, you will see few remains of this, but that he possessed strange power to charm was evinced by the fact that he soon won the regard of my sister, though she had many lovers for younger and better said of her in every respect.

"Mr. Lecour brought letters of introduction from *some friends* in France, and one among them seemed to move Madame Mendon in a very singular manner. She wept over it till she was thrown into a violent paroxysm of hysterics, but her friends soon saw that the bearer of it had established over her an influence paramount to that of every other person.

"In ended, as you may anticipate, as her giving him her hand against the advice of every friend she had. Their fears for her happiness were soon verified; Mr. Lecour severed her from all that had been dear to her, insisted that I should return to my own family, and soon refused admittance to her most intimate friends. I have every reason to believe that he forced her to commit suicide by a systematic course of ill-treatment. After her death he produced a document properly executed, which enabled him to retain the estate bequeathed to me wife ey for her father."

The listener sighed heavily as she listened to this discouraging recital. She presently said—

"This old man cannot be God-forsaken, Monsieur, for am I not sent to him as a saving minister of grace? I feel in my heart that compassion for him, which I humbly trust will enable me to be of use to him in the unhappy condition to which he is reduced."

"Make the effort, then, in God's name," replied Mr. Mendon, with an impatient movement, and an expression upon his features which betrayed how little he sympathized with her enthusiasm, which led her to such a sacrifice of self.

"When you have satisfied yourself that his brutality is too great to be borne, come to my mother. Her heart and home will alike be open to you. I say nothing of myself, because from me you may be unwilling to accept an obligation, but I repeat that the old man's many changes with the lapse of time, for he looks to be more as he did ten years ago."

Pierre also recognized Mr. Mendon, and checked his pony to offer him a salutation by taking off his ragged hat, and grinning from ear to ear.

"Hi, Monsieur Mendon, de sight o' you is good for my eyes, sure 'nuff. I tole de ole 'oman dis was gwine to be a lucky day for me."

"You may well say that, Pierre," replied Mr. Mendon, with a smile, "for it brings to you an angel in the person of your young mistress."

The negro bowed lowly before the lovely girl, who smiled sweetly upon him, and said—

"I have come to live with my grandfather, Pierre, and see that he is properly taken care of in his old age."

At this announcement the whites of the old man's eyes became doubly conspicuous, and he gave vent to his astonishment—

"*Lor'!* you live at Castle Dismal! Oh, Lor'! dat's mighty queer. Mam'selle Adolphe! dat can come to pass."

"You hear, Mademoiselle," said Mr. Mendon, slightly sneering. "Even this untutored negro thinks it will be impossible for you to carry out your plan."

"I shall make the attempt, at all events," replied the young lady, decisively. "Since I have arrived everything, and crossed the ocean to claim Mr. Lecour's protection, I will not shrink back when almost at his door."

Her cavalier bowed in silence, and again turning to the black, inquired—

"Whither are you bound this morning, Pierre?"

"To de landin' wi' some letters, an' I 'llieve one on 'em is for dat berry young misis, tellin' her dat my ole marster won't 'gree to have her wi' him on no terms whatsoeviever."

"Let me see them."

Pierre handed over the two letters for his inspection, and Mr. Mendon read aloud the address of each.

Adrienne held out her hand for her own, but the negro interfered, and respectfully said—

"Scuse me, young misis, but you see my master is a rampageous sort o' man, an' if I don't do what he tells me 'bout dem letters, he mought hurt my feelin's, an' I'm uncommon tender 'bout 'em."

Mr. Mendon laughed as he said—

"Never mind about that, Pierre. I will explain to Mr. Lecour, and you shall be held blameless. Return with us to Bellair, and I will inform your master of the arrest of his business letter. It will annoy him, and he useless to send the other letter."

"Is it Bellair agin, sir? you is-gwine to it? Oh, Lor'! is de worl' a comin' to a cend dat de sheold happen?"

"I hope not, old fellow; but fall behind and follow us, for I shall certainly call on Mr. Lecour this morning."

The three rode on in silence, for as they drew near the old mansion, each one had touch to speculate on as to what would be the issue of the approaching interview. Adrienne threw her bridle over her arm, and broke the seal of her letter. She grew pale as she read the positive prohibition to her to leave the sanctuary to which she had been placed. Mr. Mendon watched her keenly, and his dark eyes flashed with exultation as they read the pitiful expression of indecision that swept over her features. He earnestly said—

"It is as I supposed, Mademoiselle. Mr. Lecour will not consent to your coming. Why humiliate yourself by asking shelter of him at all? Return with us to the city, and leave the matter at once."

Adrienne slowly folded her letter, and placed it in the pocket of her dress. She at length replied—

"Since I am so near my grandfather, I must first see him, and ascertain if it will be necessary for me to accept your offer. Since I have abandoned the asylum in which he thought me safe with the last letter we wrote, I think it is only right to appeal to him for protection before leaving that of any other person. He is my natural guardian, and I trust he will not refuse shelter to his only descendant. At all events, I can but try."

Mr. Mendon silently acquiesced in her decision, though it filled him with vexation, and they rapidly rode on till they left the open country, and entered the thick woodland matted together with clinging vines into an almost impervious jungle. A narrow pathway wound through this, and after was a small clearing, in the midst of which the old mansion stood.

Mr. Mendon took the lead, followed by Adrienne, and when the sombre shadows fell over them, they experienced a shrinking oppression at her heart, which was a premonition of all she was to suffer in the dreary cloud toward which she so courageously pursued her way.

CHAPTER IV.

The party wound slowly forward for many moments before an opening appeared. At length they reached a neglected hedge which surrounded a wide lawn now choked with weeds and undergrowth, that had encroached upon the ground even to the doorstep. A cottage sweep covered with gravel was the only portion free in a measure from dank weeds, and in the circle it enclosed stood a broken fountain, the waters of which had once flowed through a cluster of marble water-lilies. Now it was dry, the flowers broken and falling, and the place left to decay. The few flowers that survived such neglect looked stunted, and only served to add to the dreariness of the impression produced by the whole scene.

Mr. Mendon and his companion reached the front of the building and dismounted. On looking toward the door for Pierre, that had been disappeared; in fact, he had struck off into a sidepath leading to the quarters of Eady, to wash her of the unexpected arrival of strangers.

The front door of Castle Dismal was covered with dead autumn leaves, and the huge iron knocker was so rusted from dampness, that it was with much effort at length forced to perform its accustomed office. The sound reverberated through the solitary house like a sudden clap of thunder, and after a time, and again the loud summons awakened the echoes around. The impression of Pierre's departure had also grown violently open, his head was thrust over the railing of the balcony which was in front of it, and his angry voice asked:

"Who de debbil's gwine to my door down? Is it not yet understood that I admit no strangers after dark? Be off, or I will loose my dogs!"

Mr. Mendon was about to reply, and explain the cause of their appearance, when the door suddenly unclosed, and Eady in her bright calico dress, and with turbans, stood before them. She seemed in a most perturbed state of mind, and with a wellcome look upon her face, exclaimed:

"Bless Adolphe, I mus' open de door when you knocks, let de consequins be what dey may. Dat's a wellcome wisitor for you, I 'spects, sir."

"I believe it, Eady, and I am glad to see your good-natured face again. I have set my foot in this house once more, to bring to its shelter the child of its present owner. Mademoiselle Dupuy intends to take up her abode at Bellair, if she finds it possible to remain here."

Adrienne held out her hand to the old woman; she took it, peered wistfully into her face, and gravely shaking her head led the way into the lower room of the eastern tower. She requested them to be seated, while she went up to her master, and explained the cause of the intrusion.

Adrienne glanced around the apartment with deep interest. It had evidently been adorned by a woman of refined taste and genial culture,



ADRIENNE'S RECEPTION BY OLD LECOUR.

blood, and he felt my sole dependence in this strange country."

"No, Adrienne—and the voice deepened and grew earnest. "Mr. Lecour is not your sole dependence, for you have won friends in my mother and myself, during the years we have been under the same roof, and it shall not be in vain. That time may arrive sooner than you anticipate, for this old man will turn you from his doors the first time you are unfortunate enough to offend him, even if he will consent to receive you at all."

Adrienne confidently replied:

"I will not go at his command. By patience I will disarm his anger—I will soon make myself necessary to him."

"God forbid, child! that would be the heartiest sin of all, for Mr. Lecour would be insatiable in his demands upon your time, patience, and health. He would soon make you a martyr to his selfishness."

"Ah, Mr. Mendon, you are prejudiced against this unfortunate old man. You misjudge him, I trust. At all events, I must hope for the best, and not fail in my duty through faintness of heart. I am unlike other girls of my age, for I have known little of the pleasures of life; and, as you are already aware, I am now evading the rigid rule of a convent to seek protection and a home from Mr. Lecour."

"I am afraid, Mademoiselle, you will find that the exchange you have made has not improved your happiness; sooner as the life of a nun must be, you will find a residence at Castle Dismal more difficult to endure."

Adrienne slightly reddened, and her voice had in it a tone of asperity as she replied:

"It seems to me a shame that an old man, disgusted with society, who has sought the seclusion that is most congenial to him, should have his house burned by such a noise being applied to it. Every one, no doubt, does not do so, but that should excite sympathy, not derision."

Mr. Mendon regarded her with a compassionate expression. He earnestly said:

"Few things are spoken of Mr. Lecour in devices, for people hold him in too deep—yet no, I will not tell you all, poor child! Keep your sweet yet firm spirit, that you may preserve for his intimities, as a shield between your own gentleness and his crushed harshness. I will no longer call the old place Castle Dismal. It was known as Bellair; it was then the grand residence of the country, but that was in the days of its builder, Mr. Montreuil, while his beautiful daughter was the greatest heiress in the country."

"And Mademoiselle Montreuil—what of her fate, and how has my grandfather come into possession of her estate?"

Mr. Mendon looked surprised.

"Are you, then, ignorant of Mr. Lecour's history?"

"Profoundly so; I only know that he is the father of my mother, and she offended him by marrying without his consent."

"Then I can tell you a little about him that will interest you. He married the sister of Montreuil married my elder brother; he was many years my senior, and I was but a lad when their union took place. I was very much attached to my sister, and came frequently to her till after her second marriage. My brother lived but a few days after he left me with M. Montreuil and Eugene died. For several years Louise lived in seclusion, but then she had aside her mourning, and filled her house with company.

"One evening a stranger came to her door. He was a man over forty, of attractive exterior and singular fascination of manner. In the old savage era are about to encounter, you will see few remains of this, but that he possessed strange power to charm was evinced by the fact that he soon won the regard of my sister, though she had many lovers for younger and better said of her in every respect.

"Mr. Lecour brought letters of introduction from *some friends* in France, and one among them seemed to move Madame Mendon in a very singular manner. She wept over it till she was thrown into a violent paroxysm of hysterics, but her friends soon saw that the bearer of it had established over her an influence paramount to that of every other person.

"In ended, as you may anticipate, as her giving him her hand against the advice of every friend she had. Their fears for her happiness were soon verified; Mr. Lecour severed her from all that had been dear to her, insisted that I should return to my own family, and soon refused admittance to her most intimate friends. I have every reason to believe that he forced her to commit suicide by a systematic course of ill-treatment. After her death he produced a document properly executed, which enabled him to retain the estate bequeathed to me wife ey for her father."

The listener sighed heavily as she listened to this discouraging recital. She presently said—

"This old man cannot be God-forsaken, Monsieur, for am I not sent to him as a saving minister of grace? I feel in my heart that compassion for him, which I humbly trust will enable me to be of use to him in the unhappy condition to which he is reduced."

"Make the effort, then, in God's name," replied Mr. Mendon, with an impatient movement, and an expression upon his features which betrayed how little he sympathized with her enthusiasm, which led her to such a sacrifice of self.

"When you have satisfied yourself that his brutality is too great to be borne, come to my mother. Her heart and home will alike be open to you. I say nothing of myself, because from me you may be unwilling to accept an obligation, but I repeat that the old man's many changes with the lapse of time, for he looks to be more as he did ten years ago."

Pierre also recognized Mr. Mendon, and checked his pony to offer him a salutation by taking off his ragged hat, and grinning from ear to ear.

"Hi, Monsieur Mendon, de sight o' you is good for my eyes, sure 'nuff. I tole de ole 'oman dis was gwine to be a lucky day for me."

"You may well say that, Pierre," replied Mr. Mendon, with a smile, "for it brings to you an angel in the person of your young mistress."

The negro bowed lowly before the lovely girl, who smiled sweetly upon him, and said—

"I have come to live with my grandfather, Pierre, and see that he is properly taken care of in his old age."

At this announcement the whites of the old man's eyes became doubly conspicuous, and he gave vent to his astonishment—

"*Lor'!* you live at Castle Dismal! Oh, Lor'! dat's mighty queer. Mam'selle Adolphe! dat can come to pass."

"You hear, Mademoiselle," said Mr. Mendon, slightly sneering. "Even this untutored negro thinks it will be impossible for you to carry out your plan."

"I shall make the attempt, at all events," replied the young lady, decisively. "Since I have arrived everything, and crossed the ocean to claim Mr. Lecour's protection, I will not shrink back when almost at his door."

Her cavalier bowed in silence, and again turning to the black, inquired—

"Whither are you bound this morning, Pierre?"

"To de landin' wi' some letters, an' I 'llieve one on 'em is for dat berry young misis, tellin' her dat my ole marster won't 'gree to have her wi' him on no terms whatsoeviever."

"Let me see them."

Pierre handed over the two letters for his inspection, and Mr. Mendon read aloud the address of each.

Adrienne held out her hand for her own, but the negro interfered, and respectfully said—

"Scuse me, young misis, but you see my master is a rampageous sort o' man, an' if I don't do what he tells me 'bout dem letters, he mought hurt my feelin's, an' I'm uncommon tender 'bout 'em."

Mr. Mendon laughed as he said—

"Never mind about that, Pierre. I will explain to Mr. Lecour, and you shall be held blameless. Return with us to Bellair, and I will inform your master of the arrest of his business letter. It will annoy him, and he useless to send the other letter."

"Is it Bellair agin, sir? you is-gwine to it? Oh, Lor'! is de worl' a comin' to a cend dat de sheold happen?"

"I hope not, old fellow; but fall behind and follow us, for I shall certainly call on Mr. Lecour this morning."

The three rode on in silence, for as they drew near the old mansion, each one had touch to speculate on as to what would be the issue of the approaching interview. Adrienne threw her bridle over her arm, and broke the seal of her letter. She grew pale as she read the positive prohibition to her to leave the sanctuary to which she had been placed. Mr. Mendon watched her keenly, and his dark eyes flashed with exultation as they read the pitiful expression of indecision that swept over her features. He earnestly said—

"It is as I supposed, Mademoiselle. Mr. Lecour will not consent to your coming. Why humiliate yourself by asking shelter of him at all? Return with us to the city, and leave the matter at once."

Adrienne slowly folded her letter, and placed it in the pocket of her dress. She at length replied—

"Since I am so near my grandfather, I must first see him, and ascertain if it will be necessary for me to accept your offer. Since I have abandoned the asylum in which he thought me safe with the last letter we wrote, I think it is only right to appeal to him for protection before leaving that of any other person. He is my natural guardian, and I trust he will not refuse shelter to his only descendant. At all events, I can but try."

Mr. Mendon silently acquiesced in her decision, though it filled him with vexation, and they rapidly rode on till they left the open country, and entered the thick woodland matted together with clinging vines into an almost impervious jungle. A narrow pathway wound through this, and after was a small clearing, in the midst of which the old mansion stood.

Mr. Mendon took the lead, followed by Adrienne, and when the sombre shadows fell over them, they experienced a shrinking oppression at her heart, which was a premonition of all she was to suffer in the dreary cloud toward which she so courageously pursued her way.

CHAPTER IV.

The party wound slowly forward for many moments before an opening appeared. At length they reached a neglected hedge which surrounded a wide lawn now choked with weeds and undergrowth, that had encroached upon the ground even to the doorstep. A cottage sweep covered with gravel was the only portion free in a measure from dank weeds, and in the circle it enclosed stood a broken fountain, the waters of which had once flowed through a cluster of marble water-lilies. Now it was dry, the flowers broken and falling, and the place left to decay. The few flowers that survived such neglect looked stunted, and only served to add to the dreariness of the impression produced by the whole scene.

Mr. Mendon and his companion reached the front of the building and dismounted. On looking toward the door for Pierre, that had been disappeared; in fact, he had struck off into a sidepath leading to the quarters of Eady, to wash her of the unexpected arrival of strangers.

The front door of Castle Dismal was covered with dead autumn leaves, and the huge iron knocker was so rusted from dampness, that it was with much effort at length forced to perform its accustomed office. The sound reverberated through the solitary house like a sudden clap of thunder, and after a time, and again the loud summons awakened the echoes around. The impression of Pierre's departure had also grown violently open, his head was thrust over the railing of the balcony which was in front of it, and his angry voice asked:

"Who de debbil's gwine to my door down? Is it not yet understood that I admit no strangers after dark? Be off, or I will loose my dogs!"

Mr. Mendon was about to reply, and explain the cause of their appearance, when the door suddenly unclosed, and Eady in her bright calico dress, and with turbans, stood before them. She seemed in a most perturbed state of mind, and with a wellcome look upon her face, exclaimed:

"Bless Adolphe, I mus' open de door when you knocks, let de consequins be what dey may. Dat's a wellcome wisitor for you, I 'spects, sir."

"I believe it, Eady, and I am glad to see your good-natured face again. I have set my foot in this house once more, to bring to its shelter the child of its present owner. Mademoiselle Dupuy intends to take up her abode at Bellair, if she finds it possible to remain here."

Adrienne held out her hand to the old woman; she took it, peered wistfully into her face, and gravely shaking her head led the way into the lower room of the eastern tower. She requested them to be seated, while she went up to her master, and explained the cause of the intrusion.

Adrienne glanced around the apartment with deep interest. It had evidently been adorned by a woman of refined taste and genial culture,

with wealth at her command. The faded walls were painted in frescoes, representing the history of Hector and Andromache. The floor was inlaid in a mosaic made of the dark and light woods furnished by the Southern forest, and statues stood in the angles of the wall, for like the other tower, it was an octagon. Faded curtains of blue brocade draped the windows, and carved furniture of the Louis Quatorze style, with cushions of the same material upon the sofa and chairs, filled the apartment.

A small inlaid table sustained the favorite volumes of her who had once been the presiding spirit of that forsaken spot, and beside them stood a vase filled with faded flowers, placed there years before, and left to wither in solitude, for the old negress, who dusted the furniture occasionally, had left them with a kind of superstitious reverence for the mistress whose hands had placed them there in her presence a few hours before the last act in the sad tragedy which those walls had witnessed. What followed, Eady shuddered to remember, and she never entered that room without devoutly crossing herself, and glancing around, as if the scene enacted there sprang up before her in all its vivid reality of horror. She guarded her secret faithfully, and only to herself, and the maniac up stairs, was known the origin of a dark stain upon the floor, which looked as if coffee had been spilled upon it. Once it gleamed with a brighter hue, but, as I have said, the secret was well kept.

With a painful contraction of the heart, Mr. Mendon walked around the apartment, for he had sincerely loved the charming woman who had watched over a portion of his boyhood, and the last time he stood in that room she had clasped him to her heart, and wept tears of bitter anguish over their enforced separation.

A vailed picture hung above the parting of Hector and Andromache, and with almost reverential awe he lifted the curtain, and said in suppressed tones:

"Look up, Mademoiselle, and behold the sweet face I have told you your own so strikingly resembles."

Adrienne beheld a fair woman, with blonde hair hanging in long curls nearly to her waist; a rosy mouth of almost infantile sweetness of expression, and large, dark, sorrowful eyes.

"Ah, Madame Lecour is far lovelier than I am," exclaimed the young girl, and she gazed with rapt expression upon those eyes which seemed to beam upon her with tender regard. An indefinable sympathy seemed to link her to the original of that picture, and tears started in her own eyes as she gazed upon it.

Mr. Mendon glanced from one to the other, and said:

"To me the living face is more interesting than the pictured one, for it has energy and power, which my unfortunate sister lacked. But you are wonderfully like her, Mademoiselle, and that resemblance will probably be an additional bar to your remaining here."

She turned toward him with an expression of surprise, but the answer trembling upon her lips was arrested by the appearance in the doorway of the bizarre figure of Mr. Lecour. He wore an old brocade dressing-gown, faded and worn nearly threadbare, and his long hair and beard, white as a snow-drift, contrasted strangely with the vivid passion that blazed in his eyes, convulsed his mobile lips, and blanched his aged cheeks to the pallor of death.

Adrienne involuntarily shrank back, and sought to shelter herself behind the tall form of her companion. The irate old man advanced into the room, confronted Mr. Mendon, and said, in deep, stern tones:

"*You* here, Adolphe Mendon! I thought that you long since understood that *my* roof affords no shelter to you or yours."

"I understand that perfectly, Mr. Lecour; but as I have brought to you your own child, I think I may be pardoned for the intrusion. My visit shall be brief enough to satisfy you."

"And is it not enough to come unbidden into the house which has so long been closed on you, but you must violate the sanctity of that curtain which no sacrilegeous hand has lifted for years. Who is this girl? What do you mean by *my* child? I have no child; and this stranger does not look as if she belonged to my race."

"Yet this is Mademoiselle Durand—I should have said your grandchild, Monsieur. This young lady has crossed the ocean with the purpose of sharing the solitude in which you live."

At this announcement Mr. Lecour advanced to the agitated Adrienne, and harshly asked:

"Why did you not wait for my reply to your letter before you came on such an errand as this? I shall send you back to your convent as an escaped nun, and I do not care if they put you in prison, and feed you on bread and water, for your disobedience to my wishes."

"Stop, Monsieur," said Mendon, with dignity. "*I* am here as Mademoiselle Durand's protector, and in my presence you shall not threaten her in your usual brutal manner. If you refuse to receive her, she can find an asylum with my stepmother, who already knows and appreciates her."

Mr. Lecour glanced from one to the other, and then sulkily said:

"Get along with you then. Take her away as soon as may be, for if *you* are to have any claims upon her, I will have nothing to say to her."

Hitherto Adrienne had stood in the shadow of Mr. Mendon's stalwart figure, but she now stepped forward, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, and imploringly said:

"Oh! *mon père*, after all my efforts to reach you, is this the reception you give me? Let me remain with you, I entreat; let me become the minister of peace and hope to you. Alas! is your heart closed to the claims of your daughter's child?"

His gaze fell upon her upturned face: he started, staggered back, and lifted his hand in a deprecating manner as he faltered:

"You—*you* the child of Estelle Lecour! Her hair was dark as the raven's wing, and her eyes black as the sloe. No, no, no! It cannot be—it cannot be!"

"Yet my father was fair, I have been told. Yes, Mr. Lecour, I am the child of your daughter, and I claim a home beneath your roof. I have fled from my convent—I will die sooner than return to it. Let me remain with you, I entreat, for I am a stranger in a strange land, with no claim on any one save you. If I prove a burden to you, I promise in the future to seek the means of making my own support. Now, I only ask for protection; if I can render myself necessary to your happiness, you will then permit me to remain beside you."

"*Happiness!*" he repeated, with scornful bitterness. "I do not know what the word means; but since you are so confident of teaching me that such a thing exists, you may remain and try the experiment. Since I find that Mr. Mendon and his mother are anxious to take you off my hands, I believe I will disappoint them by keeping you myself."

Ungracious as this permission was, Adrienne received it with an expression of joy which caused Mr. Mendon to frown and bite his lip with vexation. She gracefully offered him her hand, and looked appealingly in his face, as she said:

"Pardon me, if I stay even with such a reception as this. My duty is here; this is truly my home; but I will soon see you again. When Mr. Lecour learns how kind you and your good mother have been to me, he will not prohibit our meeting again."

Mr. Lecour harshly broke in:

"But I do most positively prohibit it; and Mr. Adolphe knows better than to thwart me. You part here; if you remain with me it must be on my own terms."

Mr. Mendon whispered:

"Leave him to his madness, Mademoiselle, and come where happiness courts your acceptance. You will die of ennui here, even if that old ogre does not break your heart."

She flushed deeply—an expression of reserve swept over her fair face, and she decidedly said:

"It is a happiness I cannot accept, Monsieur. Place no hopes on me, for they can only meet with disappointment. My gratitude is yours for the kindness received, but my duty is here. I accept my grandfather's terms."

He muttered some unintelligible words, bowed low, and turned to depart. He had reached the door when a new impulse seemed to move him, and he turned his face, stern, dark, and fixed, toward her; he held out his hand, and said:

"If you should need me, command my services. Remember that I am always your fast friend."

Before she could thank him, Mr. Mendon was gone, and the strong heart which had courageously borne up against all the vicissitudes of her long voyage, seemed to faint within her as the sound of his horse's hoofs died away in the distance; and when she caught the cold gleam of Mr. Lecour's eyes fixed steadily upon her features, she sunk into a chair and burst in tears.

With more consideration than might have been expected of him, the old man remained silent till this burst of emotion had exhausted itself. He motioned to Eady to leave the room, and quietly awaited Adrienne's own time to speak.

Making a violent effort for self-control, she looked up, wiped away the tears from her eyes, and faltered:

"Pardon me, *mon père*, but I have borne so much to get here, that I am quite overcome by the recollection of all I have passed through."

"Hem! well—yes, it *was* a long journey for a young girl to undertake, and you must have a spirit of your own to carry it through as you have done. Tell me all about it; how did you evade the holy sisterhood among whom you have been educated? I really like your enterprise and courage."

Reassured by the change in his tone, Adrienne half smiled as she commenced her narrative.

"The Lady Superior has doubtless informed you that I occasionally visited one of my classmates. A few days after her last letter was despatched to you, a pressing request came that I should be permitted to act as the attendant of Mademoiselle Le Grand, on the occasion of her approaching marriage. My protectress very unwillingly consented, but as the bride was the niece of a high dignitary in the church, and the daughter of an officer distinguished among the friends of the first consul, she could not very well refuse.

"From my childhood the Abbess had looked on me as one destined to the cloister, and these glimpses of brilliant worldly life, she feared might influence my mind against the vocation chosen for me. But that was not needed, for I disliked the thought of spending my life in a convent, and when I set out to join the bridal party, it was with the resolution strong in my heart never to return to it."

She paused as if uncertain how to proceed, and Mr. Lecour significantly said:

"Go on, Mademoiselle. Speak the whole truth, I am aware of the lover already."

She blushed vividly, as she proceeded:

"I played my part at the wedding. I had often before met with the cousin of my friend, but Victor Duvernay until now had never ventured to speak of love. Emilia told him of my resolution to claim my freedom, and he offered himself to me as my protector through life."

"And why did you not marry this lover, and save us both from the ordeal we are about to undergo?"

The young girl changed color at this, but she gravely went on:

"I might have done so, had circumstances been favorable to our union; but Mr. Duvernay objected to a portionless daughter-in-law. My claims to an inheritance were so uncertain that no reliance could be placed on them; and he advised me to return to the sisterhood, and endeavor to forget my initiation into worldly pleasures, and worldly cares. His son refused to give me up, and the father, exasperated at the opposition to his wishes, threatened to inform the Bishop of what was passing. That would have been fatal to our hope of a future union, for I knew that I should be restored to my convent to be kept under strict watch, till your decision as to my future fate should arrive.

"I knew beforehand what that decision would probably be, for the Superior had always assured me that there could be no doubt of your intention to devote me to a religious life. My lover was dependent upon his father; I knew that we could not then be united; and no resource was open to me but to come to you. Emilia kindly assisted me with money; her husband secretly made arrangements with a merchant who was about to emigrate from Havre to New Orleans with his family, to receive me under his protection. He merely stated to Mr. Nicot that I was a young lady educated in France, who was anxious to return to her family in Louisiana. Madame Nicot was as kind to me as a mother could have been, and we had a prosperous voyage to New Orleans.

"From there I feared to write, lest you might resent my contumacy, and prohibit me from coming to you. I lost no time in setting out for your home, as my friends luckily found a keel boat about to ascend the river. I was placed under the care of the captain, but among the passengers I found Mr. Adolphe Mendon and his mother, who kindly interested themselves about me; and on learning who I was, took me under their charge. I found that they were from the same parish, were near connexions of yours, and gradually I unfolded to them my history. During our tedious trip they were very kind to me, and if I would have listened to them, they would have taken me home with them; but I thought it best to come to you first."

"And it is well you did," said Mr. Lecour, vindictively. "If your foot had pressed their threshold first, it should never have crossed mine. Those people are my deadly and detested enemies, and they had some sinister object in view, or they would not have sought to gain influence over you. But what became of the craven lover who permitted you to be snatched from him in such a manner? Separated so far from you, he can scarcely hope for a re-union on this side of eternity. Methinks, he is but a laggard in love, after all."

The young girl blushed vividly, and eagerly replied:

"No, Monsieur, you wrong him. I concealed from Victor that I was about to embark for Louisiana. When Mr. Duvernay appealed to me, and showed me the ruin I would bring upon his son if I gave him my dowerless hand, I resolved to withdraw myself from Paris without the knowledge of my lover. The arrangements for my evasion were of course conducted with the greatest secresy, and Emilia and her husband came with me to Havre under the pretext of making a brief bridal tour."

"It is well for them that the good old days of papal supremacy, and *letteres de cachet*, have passed away, or they might not fare so well after assisting a young person almost in her noviciate to run away from her convent. It was wrong in the Superior to permit you to visit your friend; the walls of the cloister should have bounded your earthly vision. Oh, child! I wish you were safe back among the good sisters, for I am afraid you have made a sad exchange in coming to me."

Though his tone was harsh, his words seemed to imply some sympathy for the furture that lay before her, and Adrienne took his hand in her own, and looked tenderly in his eyes as she replied:

"Can you not find room in your heart, *mon père*, for your poor daughter's child? Ah! I need to be loved—to love something, and that is why the cold formal life of the convent was so oppressive to me. Let me cling to you; give me only kind words, and looks, and I will be your slave. Alas! I am wilful, but I am not strong. I am unable to stand alone."

Mr. Lecour smiled grimly at this appeal.

"One would scarcely think so after your recent escapade. I believe you must have some of my blood in you, though your looks seem to belie it. Girl, do you know that if you had come to me alone, wearing the resemblance to one in her grave, which I can so plainly see, I should have ordered you from my door? But that accursed Mendon came with you—I read his face, and I saw that love for your fair looks already glows in his heart. I was resolute that *he* should not wrest you from me, although you came to me an unwelcome and unbidden guest. I do not chose to act a part toward you, Mademoiselle. I tolerate your presence only; you must prove your right to a better position in my house by endurance, patience and forbearance. You will find ample scope for all three, unless I am greatly mistaken."

Adrienne felt chilled by his words and manner, but she endeavored to conceal it from the keen eyes that rested upon her varying features, and softly said:

"I accept your terms, *mon père;* till I can gain a place in your heart for myself, let it be closed to me. Ah! I can surely bring a ray of sunshine into this lonely abode: I shall not be denied the power to brighten a life, which love has so long forsaken."

"Love!" he repeated with a bitter sneer. "It is a dream—a delusion of youth: it survives not the first storm, as your own experience should already have shown you; for Victor Duvernay will soon find another to console him for your loss. You fancy that in the absence of all other love, you will be able to attach yourself to a ruin like me. Child, does the ivy cling to the tree scathed by lightning? Do you find flowers on the fiery brink of Etna? As well may you hope to call down an angel from heaven, as to bring back hope or gladness to my seared soul. No—no—I am a miserable wreck, and you would have done well to accept the love Mr. Mendon was ready to offer you, if you had been lured to the home of his stepmother."

"Ah that was impossible while I love another," said Adrienne, who had listened to this passionate outburst with yearning compassion which she dared not express to the cynical old man. "Years may intervene before Victor can claim me as his own, but I feel in my heart that the time will surely come."

A bitter sneer crossed the face of the listener, and he said in his hardest manner:

"I wish you to understand two things Mademoiselle. The first is, that I shall have no fortune to bestow upon you; a bare maintenance is all you will ever get from me. The second is, that you shall not attempt to hold any intercourse with Mr. Mendon or his family. They have traduced and injured me—they would have wrested my wife's fortune from me, if they could have accomplished it; but I baffled them—ha! ha! I baffled them, as I always have baffled my enemies."

He arose and walked up and down the floor with an expression of exultation upon his features. Suddenly his eyes fell upon the vailed picture, and a singular change came over him—he staggered—gasped for breath, and said in a stifled tone:

"Let us leave this room; its atmosphere oppresses—it is rarely opened, for I live in my own den up stairs. Come with me; the dinner hour approaches, and Eady will serve it in my room."

CHAPTER V.

Adrienne thus commanded, arose to accompany Mr. Lecour. A valise containing all her worldly possessions, lay upon a chair; she would have removed it, but he said:

"Leave it till Eady has prepared a room for you. By the way, I trust you are not afraid of ghosts."

At this abrupt inquiry the young girl grew slightly pale, though she laughed as she replied:

"This old, half-runinous house must, of course, have a ghost story attached to it; but I believe I have as little superstition as one of my years, and education may be supposed to possess."

"Humph! that is not saying much, after all, for your courage. I have no doubt you are quite as superstitious as all the rest of the strong-minded people, who refuse to acknowledge it. I tell you it is born in us all, and is to me the strongest proof that there is a hereafter. If I could get rid of my superstition, I should be a thorough follower of Voltaire."

Adrienne regarded him with dilating eyes, and he went on in the same sardonic tone:

"Let me advise you to one thing, Mademoiselle, steel your heart and mind against a belief in what you cannot account for. This caution seems necessary, for a great many things happen in this old house, which to say the least, are very singular."

He watched her face as he said this, marked the thrill of terror that swept through her frame, and a wild laugh rang out in the empty hall through which they were passing.

"Ha! ha! I see how strong you are! We must not put you in the old pile, as I at first intended. Do you think you could summon enough courage to pass a night alone in the echoing rooms in the centre building? They have been given up to the rats since my lady wife died, but they have fine furniture in them, and we might get a few cats to clear the vermin away."

Adrienne commanded her voice sufficiently to reply in steady tones:

"Pray do not put me far from you, *mon père;* I have never slept in a room alone, and I am afraid, in a desolate house like this, I should suffer much from idle fancies."

He fastened his cold gleaming eyes upon her with an expression of such singular meaning, that a feeling of fear began to creep into her heart. Was he mad after all? If so, what was to become of her? She began already to comprehend all the desolation of the position in which she had placed herself.—Its danger was to come as a revelation to her when it was too late to retrace her steps—but let us not anticipate.

Already she began to feel that Mr. Mendon's offer of future assistance was not unnecessary. Ah! why could she not have won his friendship, and not his love; then she might have claimed an asylum with his stepmother if she found it impossible to live beneath the same roof with this unknown relative.

The education of Adrienne had predisposed her mind to superstitious fears. In addition to this, the young stranger was endowed with a most impressible organization, and a depth of intuitive power, which almost trenched on clairvoyance.

A chill as of death swept over her, as she followed Mr. Lecour up the winding staircase, and she felt that to suffer intensely, in this long-sought shelter, was her lot; perhaps to become a victim to the wild vagaries of the unscrupulous man who walked before her with rapid steps toward his own sanctum.

Adrienne glanced nervously around the apartment and felt partially reassured by its orderly appearance, for Eady had arranged it, and set the table for two persons while her master was engaged with his guest. A bright smile flashed over her face as she saw the bookcase, and she was soon engaged in looking over its contents. History, light litearature, and biography, were well represented on its shelves, and with sparkling eyes, she said:

"*Mon père*, there is some sympathy in our tastes, at least, for I find here books I have long desired to read, and they look as if you too have often consulted their pages."

"Books and my pencil are my only resources now. The solitude in which it is my pleasure to live, afford me no others."

"But I will bring a brighter day to you, Monsieur. Permit me to become your reader, for your eyes must suffer from such constant use as your two employments demand."

He glared suspiciously on her at this proposal, and abruptly said:

"Perhaps you have come hither to be a spy upon me. Why should you ask so onerous a position as that of reader to me, unless it is to watch me in every phase of my mind? to surprise from me my hoarded life memories in some unguarded moment."

"I do not understand you," she replied, in affright, for his face assumed an expression that chilled her to the heart. "Ah, *mon père* do not suspect, I entreat you, that in me you have received a traitor beneath your roof."

"If I thought so, I would immolate you as you stand before me. 'There is a skeleton in every house,' says the adage. This one is no exception to it; but I warn you that it will be fatal to you to discover it. You have forced yourself upon me, and I agree to give you shelter, sustenance and clothing, on the condition that you shall be true to me. That you do not seek to peer into my affairs, nor reveal to mortal being what may be voluntarily made known to you. Swear fidelity to me on this cross."

He snatched up a wooden cross, and held it toward her. His excited manner, flaming eyes, and raised voice, confirmed her first fear that he was unsound in mind; and with pale lips she uttered the oath demanded of her. He triumphantly said:

"On your head shall fall the punishment due to the crime, if you break your vow."

At that moment Eady entered, bearing the waiter which contained the dinner, and proceeded to arrange it upon the table, on one corner of which she had spread a white napkin. With her appearance, the mood of Mr. Lecour seemed to change quite suddenly. He rapidly replaced the cross in the niche from which he had taken it, and eagerly inspected the viands as the were placed before him.

"Hem! chicken forever; am I never to have any other meat than chicken for my dinner? Potatoes mashed—potatoes in the skin—and potatoes fried! Your potato crop must be extensive this year, Jackdaw, for of late you give me no other vegetable."

"You must 'scuse all aperient shortcomings, marster, an' young mistis, caze do drowt is impowerin' an' have dried up de gardin my ole man made. I does de bes' I kin, an' de chickens is riz by myself."

With a profound courtesy, Eady placed a bottle of red wine beside her master's plate, and invited the new-comer to be seated. This politeness was necessary on her part, for Mr. Lecour, apparently oblivious of the presence of the stranger, sat down at once, and commenced carving the chicken.

Adrienne seated herself opposite to him, and he acknowledged her presence by placing the wing and a small portion of the breast upon her plate; the remainder he transferred to his own, and ate it with an apparent gusto that did not betray any distate to it, in spite of his expressed discontent with what had been provided.

He pushed the potatoes contemptuously away from him when they were offered, and only varied his repast by enormous slices of bread and liberal libations from his wine bottle. He did not offer any of this to Adrienne, and said, by way of apology:

"Your education has not accustomed you to drink wine, therefore I do not offer it to you."

Yet the poor girl would have very thankfully accepted a small portion, for she felt faint and unnerved by the new and discouraging position in which she found herself placed; and with much difficulty did she swallow a few morsels of the food set before her.

Eady hospitably pressed her to eat, but her grandfather seemed scarcely to notice her presence while absorbed in the satisfaction of his appetite. When he had demolished the last morsel of the chicken, and drank the whole bottle of wine, he inquired of the negress:

"Where will you put your young lady, Eady?"

"Dat am for you to say, Monsieur, caze *I* don' know a room in dis house dat is fit for sich as she to stay in."

"*Sich as she!*" repeated her master, mockingly. "What is there remarkable about her, pray? A pale-faced, yellow-haired girl, who has a will of her own, as she has sufficiently proved, and yet is afraid of such impalpable things as ghosts. Ha! ha! how do you think she will get along here, Jackdaw?"

"She'll do berry well, Monsieur, ef you'll let me put her in de lady's tower. Fact is, dat's de only place she *can* go in, caze de big house is done gin up to de rats an' mice, an' dey cuts up sich antics dat I'd often b'lieve dat de infannel rigions had emptied darselves in 'em, ef I didn't *know better*."

Adrienne found some comfort in the strong emphasis Eady placed upon the last words, and concluded in her own mind that if an ignorant old negress had abjured all superstitious fears, she might surely find strength to cast them aside.

At the suggestion of the lady's tower, the face of Mr. Lecour darkened, and he seemed on the point of bursting forth in a furious tirade, but the old woman looked unflinchingly, perhaps warningly at him. Her eyes seemed to possess some magnetic power to quell his violence, and he muttered:

"Well, well, after all, why should I care? Everything is safe enough there, and the place has no sanctity to me. Let it be so, in God's name."

Turning to Adrienne, he remarked by way of explanation:

"The tower opposite to this was once occupied by Madame Lecour—the upper apartment was her bed-chamber, and the lower one her sitting-room. Since you will remain here, you can take possession of them as your own. You may do as you please in them, provided you do not interfere with me. You will often hear me cry out, but you must not mind that; I warn you that it will be dangerous for you to come near me at such times, for I tolerate intrusion from no one."

The young stranger bent her head, and drearily said:

"I will obey you, *mon père*. I hope in time that you will learn to trust me; will give me your confidence, so far as to enable me to be of use to you during your hours of suffering. I believed I might be of some service to you, or I should not have thrust my unwelcome presence upon you."

"Child, don't be a fool, and don't try to play the sentimental with me; I have no taste for it. You are here now, you have no other resource except to stay with me, or throw yourself upon the charity of strangers, for the Mendons are only connections of yours through *me*, and I hate—I loathe them. The bare suspicion that you might prefer their home to mine, dreary as it is, would cause me to hurl my bitterest malediction against you. There! there! you need not cry, for tears do not move me. I have passed that ordeal long ago. Go with Eady, inspect your domains, and make up your mind to live as contentedly as you can within them. Jackdaw will supply your wants. Look to her and Pierre, and make them get what is necessary for you."

Thus dismissed, Adrienne wiped away the starting tears which had so irritated him. She ventured to approach him, and putting forth her slender hand, said, in a pleading tone:

"Will you not permit me to become your daily companion? Alas! that was my hope in coming hither"

"Child, we can never soften the iron which has once been molten and hardened again; it will break, but not bend. Such is my nature. I can suffice unto myself, and it is my intention to do so to the last. It is a pity that you would come hither to be crushed by my waywardness and indifference, but I cannot change. Since you have risked so much, you must bear the consequences. To one of your temper, perhaps even this will be better than imprisonment within your convent walls."

"Oh, far, far better! I am ungrateful to be downcast. Here I can at least have the open air, God's sunshine, and freedom to move within my narrow sphere as I please. Good day, Monsieur, I will remember your restrictions, and endeavor to find such employment as will enable me to bear the solitude to which it is your pleasure to banish me."

"Here are books," he abruptly rejoined. "They are the products of the best minds—you can take such as you like from day to day when I permit you to come to me."

She thanked him, and turned to leave the apartment. As she passed near the easel, her eyes fell upon the portrait, and she stretched out her hand as if to lift the curtain, as she asked:

"May I look upon your work, *mon père?*"

With a furious cry, he bounded forward, dashed aside the uplifted hand, and stood panting with sudden rage before the frightened girl.

"This—this is banned—remember, banned to you till I choose to remove the prohibition. No profane eye rests upon *my* work. Never, as you value the home I have given you, do you offer to look on any painting I may be engaged on, unless I permit you expressly to do so. There, you understand me—go now; I wish to be alone; I *must* be left to solitude."

Adrienne felt the touch of Eady's hand upon her arm, and bewildered by the strange scene in which she had borne a part, she mechanically followed her from the room.

When the door closed upon them, the old woman said, in an apologetic tone:

"Yer mus' 'scuse de marster, young mistis; he's had a deal o' trouble in his day, an' I b'lieve he don't allers know 'zactly what he's sayin'. You'll soon git used to him tho', and larn how to humor his tantrums. It's de only way to git along wi' sich a rampageous man."

It seems necessary to explain here that during the childhood of Adrienne, the sisterhood among whom she had been educated took refuge in England from the religious persecutions that took place in France during the Reign of Terror. Several years spent there gave her as accurate a knowledge of the English language as of her own, and she was thus enabled to understand the broad pronunciation of Eady perfectly well.

Mr. Lecour stood looking after the receding form of the young stranger, and a mingled expression of uncertainty, fear and wrath swept over his features. He muttered:

"What does this likeness mean? It is wonderful—it is fearful. The very step is hers, the tone of the voice the same, yet this girl comes to me as the child of *my* daughter. Is there a conspiracy to rob me of my wealth, and is this girl sent hither to make good her claim to the inheritance as *my* descendant, when in reality she is of another race? Could such a fraud be practiced against me? Let me see—let me recall facts in the long buried past."

He bowed his head, ransacked the hidden chambers of memory, and a heavy scowl settled upon his brow. At length he spoke through his closed teeth.

"If it *is* so, better had she trusted herself in the den of a hungry lion, than have trusted to my mercy. Mendon saw this resemblance, too, and he wished to lure her to his mother's house, that the *heiress* might be secured. I foiled him there. I kept her, that I might make sure if my suspicions are correct. Should they prove so, *what then?*"

A cruel, vindictive gleam shot from his eyes, and his slender fingers seemed to close over an airy weapon, but he spoke no more.

Presently Mr. Lecour seized a pen, and dashed off another letter to the Lady Superior.

MADAME:—After all my cautions, all my anxiety to give my grand-daughter to the cloister, you have permitted her to evade you, and escape from France. She is here; I have seen and talked with her; but from that interview a strange doubt has arisen in my mind. *Is* the girl who calls herself Adrienne Durand really entitled to bear that name? Is she an impostor, or is she the child I caused to be intrusted to your charge?

It is a serious inquiry, Madame, and I warn you that it will be dangerous to attempt to carry on a conspiracy against me. I am aware that my second wife was educated in your house, and that a strong attachment existed between her and yourself. That attachment may have led you to attempt an imposition which, if detected, may lead to results you never contemplated as possible. If such is the position of affairs, Madame, recall my past history, and tremble.

The Secretary of Egalité, the friend and co-worker of Danton, the secret counsellor of Robespierre, have I not waded in a sea of blood, and do you imagine that a single feeble life shall be permitted to stand between me and the wealth I have long considered as my own?

I know the early history of Louise Montreuil; this young girl is wonderfully like her, and should she prove—you understand me, Madame, sufficiently for my purpose. The fate of this rash creature is now absolutely in my power, and what use I may make of that power remains for you to decide. If you cannot positively assure me beyond a doubt that this is really my daughter's child, I cannot answer for the result. Write to me without a moment's delay, and unravel to me the singular mystery which gives *me* a descendant who is the living image of the deceased Madame Lecour, when there is no *acknowledged* child of hers in existence.

I am convinced that you can throw the light on this subject that is necessary to its full comprehension, and I impatiently await your reply. ETIENNE LECOUR.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

TRUE.—The young forget quickly, but they feel keenly.

"THEY ARE FADED NOW!"

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

The yellow moonlight's silent sea
Flows through the open door, and falls
From casements high, and solemnly
Flits o'er the pictured walls.

A mournful atmosphere of dreams
Enspheres my yearning heart to-night—
I see—thro' tears—the olden gleams
Of eyes and tresses bright.

Oh, royal dreams that mock me so
With phantoms of long vanished hours,
Nine dreary times of gust and snow,
And nine of vernal showers,

Have swept the scarlet leaves away,
Or nursed the flower to perfect fruit,
Since those dark eyes were dimm'd for aye—
For aye the lips were mute!

The fitful wind, with noiseless tread,
Glides round my chair, and lightly stirs
With fingers reverent of the dead
Some reliques that were HERS!

Old letters, with a trace of tears
And kisses on their pages fair—
Wept o'er and kissed these years and years—
And a soft curl of hair;

Dead violets—once the azure gems
Of springs that bloom no more for me,
This legend guards their withered stems—
"They are faded now"—as she!

Touched with the flickering moonbeams now,
And now with shadows overblown,
Bright tress, there's *dust* upon the brow
Where once your beauty shone!

Old letters, that her breath has fanned
As lightly as this fragrant wind,
There's dust and ashes on the hand
That traced her loving mind!

Frail violets, that no earthly showers
To life could your lost beauty bring,
Her steps are 'mid the deathless flowers
Of an eternal Spring! * * *

But as to him whose heart has bled
And poured its costly tears in song,
There comes "The Phantom" of his dead
Through summers bright and long.

Her loitering foot is at the door—
Her blushing face and down-cast eyes—
Her garments flutter on the floor;
And in a glad surprise

I reach impetuous hands to clasp
Her flowing robe, her floating hair
And gather in my passionate grasp
The—vacant, moonlit air!

Or now, her dainty silken head
Is leaning on my burning heart—
Her virgin cheeks are faintly red,
Her dewy lips apart—

And in a dream I stoop to press
Wild kisses on her lips and brow—
I only touch this one frail tress,
All else is "faded now."

But not my love, whose holy power
Has strength to lead my steps aright
Through moaning storm, through sunlit shower,
Beyond the gates of Night—

Beyond the shining crystal bars
Of morn—beyond the sunset shore,
In God's vast universe of stars
To clasp her, evermore!

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

A SCRAP OF FRONTIER HISTORY.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

One morning in the summer of 1782, the few settlers who had established themselves in the vicinity of what is now the populous and flourishing city of Wheeling, were thrown into excitement by the discovery of the murder of one of their number, under circumstances that left no doubt of its being the work of Indians.

Scarcely an hour elapsed after the scalpless and mangled corpse of the old man had been found, than every person in the settlement capable of bearing arms had assembled upon the spot, prepared to follow up the trail in pursuit of the murderers.

The whites numbered less than a dozen, among whom were two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe. These men were widely known among the early pioneers of that portion of the country for their strength, hardihood and bravery; and in the frequent encounters which the settlers had with their red enemies they had signalized themselves by their feats of courage and agility. But in all these affairs Adam was the acknowledged leader, and such was his experience in Indian strategy that he seldom failed in the pursuit of marauding parties of the savages, and making them pay dearly for their outrages.

On this occasion it was ascertained that the murder had been perpetrated by a party of Wyandott Indians, of the band of Big Foot, as he was called by the whites. This Big Foot was a noted chief, who had caused the settlers much trouble; but who to much courage added an equal degree of shrewdness and cunning, and withal was noted as the largest and most powerful man of his tribe—being nearly seven feet in hight, with the muscles and force of a giant.

The settlers soon discovered the trail of the Indians, on which they instantly recognized the large moccasin tracks of their leader, who had a foot of huge proportions. This trail led directly up the bank of the Ohio. Adam Poe, who had long wished to measure strength and courage with this noted Indian, was so anxious to overtake the savages that, being a swift runner, he soon distanced his companions, and leaving them far behind, reached the vicinity of the enemy. For some time their tracks had been plain enough in the deep sand along the margin of the river; but when Adam reached the common crossing, he perceived that instead of taking to the other side, the Indians had struck off suddenly to the southward, along a high rocky ridge, where the trail could not be so easily followed.

While detained here in the examination of the trail, which none but a practised backwoodsman could detect upon the flinty ground, Adam was overtaken by his neighbors. These he directed to follow upon the ridge, while he should keep along the river-bank in the direction of a clump of willows; in the deep shadows of which he imagined a portion of the savages might lie concealed; for he doubted not that to baffle pursuit the wily leader of the band would endeavor to cross his party over the stream at various points.

Looking to the priming of his trusty rifle, Poe cautiously approached the spot, which was directly over the water. There were no Indians there; but upon the edge of the bank he discovered where they had just descended. The bank at this place was some twenty feet high, and being rocky, jutted several feet from the perpendicular. Drawing himself noiselessly upon his breast, with his rifle in his hand, Adam reached the edge of the cliff, and under cover of the thick foliage peered cautiously down upon the sandy beach below, where he discovered two canoes drawn up to the shore.

He was about to descend when a low murmuring sound as of persons in conversation reached his ears. He changed his position somewhat; and on again moving aside the leaves and twigs that obstructed his vision, beheld two Indians, one of whom was the gigantic Big Foot; the other one of his warriors, who, of ordinary size, appeared but a half-grown boy by the side of his stalwart chief.

Now was come the moment Adam Poe had so often longed for—to draw his rifle upon the huge Wyandott, and after wounding him, to come to a hand-to-hand tussle with the strong and active savage. His object was first to surprise him with a well-aimed shot, which should not disable him, and in the confusion of the moment to leap upon him with his knife, and test the strength of the renowned warrior. This was the first intention of Adam. But upon a moment's reflection he determined to kill Big Foot's companion, and then leap upon the chief.

With this last intention, the white man aimed at the heart of the warrior. He could scarcely miss hitting his mark, as the two Indians were lying on the sand within fifteen feet of the muzzle of his rifle. Cocking it so cautiously that the sound of the spring was not heard by the two, Adam pressed the trigger. To his great mortification, and for the first time in his life, the gun missed fire and flashed in the pan! Both the sound of the falling lock, and the uprising smoke that followed, were detected by the Indians, who instantly sprang to their feet with a startled exclamation, and for a second or two the three men gazed intently into each other's eyes.

To retreat now was out of the question, for even if Adam had any such thought, the tough nature of the thickets would have prevented it, and with a yell, intended as much for the ears of his friends as to intimidate the Indians, he leaped over the edge of the cliff upon them, knife in hand. He struck upon the shoulders of Big Foot with such force as to throw the huge form of the savage to the ground, and at the same moment threw his left arm, with a powerful hug, about the neck of the other Indian. But as he was about to thrust his blade into the fellow's breast, Big Foot, with a sudden motion, leaped aside, and striking Poe's uplifted arm with his hatchet, knocked the knife from his grasp. The weapon fell from his hand into the water, and sank out of sight, and Adam Poe found himself opposed to two fierce foemen, with no other defence than his fists and the strong muscles nature had supplied him with.

Scarcely had the struggle thus commenced beneath the cliff, than a rapid discharge of rifles informed Adam that his friends and the other party of Indians were engaged at a little distance above. But the three were now too much engaged in their own desperate affair to pay much attention to anything else.

No sooner had Adam lost his knife, than releasing the smaller Indian, and with a back-handed blow, knocking him into the river, he threw himself upon the powerful chief, and planted a blow with his right hand into his stomach, with such force that it sent him staggering against the cliff. But instantly recovering himself, the Indian leaped upon Adam, and wrapping his long and tendonous arms about him, pressed him to his breast with the force of a grizzly bear.

"Never before in my life," said Poe, when afterwards relating the adventure, "did I receive so warm an embrace as that big Indian gave me. It seemed as if every rib in my body was crushed to jelly!"

While retaining the white man thus in his powerful grasp, the other savage gathered himself from the water, and at the instigation of Big Foot, now approached with uplifted tomahawk to strike at the head of Adam, who was in vain struggling to free himself from that desperate embrace. But Poe watched the Indian closely, as he was about to strike, and raising his leg, struck him such a blow upon the breast as to dash him violently to the earth, while the tomahawk went whirling out into the river.

Seeing this, the gigantic Big Foot now released his hold of Adam, and attempted to throw him to the ground, but the latter being almost as powerful a man as himself, would not permit this, but with a skillful motion, known to the practiced wrestlers of the west, threw the moccasined feet of his adversary from under him, and falling upon the top of him, endeavored to draw the scalping-knife of the Indian, which the other had evidently forgotten in the close tussle.

At this moment Big Foot caught at the throat of the white man with such a tearing gripe, that the latter had all he wanted to do to clutch at his strong hand and endeavor to break his vice-like hold. In this he failed. But in the struggle, while Adam became black in the face from suffocation, their faces came in contact. A sudden thought occurred to Adam, and instantly acting upon it, he caught the huge nasal projection of the Indian between his teeth, and with a death-like effort bit that expressive feature clean from his ugly countenance.

Yelling with agony, Big Foot let go his hold, and, springing to his feet, snatched up a rifle, at a little distance, and levelled it at Adam; but the latter, who was as quick as a panther in his motions, leaped upon the barrel, and threw it aside, at the instant it exploded; and its contents, fortunately for the white man, entered the heart of the other Indian, who was again approaching him with an uplifted knife. The fellow staggered backward into the river, and sank lifeless beneath its waters.

Big Foot, covered with blood, and exasperated to madness by the pain of the ugly wound Adam had made upon his face, now sprang back a little distance, clubbed the discharged rifle, and exerting all his force, brought it down with a crushing blow upon the white man's shoulder; but Adam, springing aside, received it upon the side of his arm, where the cock of the gun tore a deep and ragged wound; and then, before the Indian could gather himself for another blow, he wrenched it from his hands, and threw it far out into the stream.

The Indian, whose quick eye watched for every advantage, now closed upon Poe, and catching him by the collar with one hand, grasped him by the leg with the other, and, with herculean strength, lifted him in the air, as if he were an infant, and, with one powerful swing, flung him headlong into the rapid current of the river.

Stung to fury at being thus easily handled by the huge savage, Adam soon recovered from his unexpected immersion, and reaching the shore, where the Indian awaited him, the two again closed in a desperate struggle. It now became a fierce fist fight, and rolling upon the ground, the two combatants dealt upon each other blow after blow; and being both men of extraordinary muscle, they struck each other with the force of battering rams.

But the superior strength of the Indian was not equal to the activity and pugilistic skill of the white man, who was beating his mutilated countenance into a mass of bloody jelly. So rolling towards the edge of the water, the intention of the former was to get his antagonist into the river. But Adam was here a match for him, and permitting Big Foot to approach the stream, he leaped into it, and clutching the savage by the scalp lock, forced his head beneath the surface, while he continued to pelt his stomach and face with a storm of terrible blows.

At length the wily Indian threw out his long arms, and pretending to have succumbed, ceased his motions, and appeared like one dead. At this moment, supposing the struggle was over, Adam Poe released his hold upon his adversary, and attempted again to get at the knife of the chief, who, singularly enough, had not had time to use it himself, for the struggle had occupied less time than it takes to describe it. But before his hand had touched the hilt of the weapon, the Indian turned upon him like a tiger, all the fresher for his immersion, and in turn grasping the hair of the white man, now forced his head under the water.

In the tussle that followed they were both carried beyond their depth, out into the swift current of the Ohio, and each was compelled to quit his hold and strike out again for the shore.

While thus swimming, their eyes fell simultaneously upon the loaded rifle of the dead Indian, lying upon the sand; and both exerted themselves to reach it. But the Indian, being nearest to the beach, and the most expert swimmer, gained possession of it, and brought it to bear upon his adversary. Seeing this, Adam turned and attempted to avoid the shot, by striking out to the middle of the river. But he had swam scarcely a dozen strokes, when Big Foot fired, and wounded him in the shoulder; and then, drawing his knife, leaped out in pursuit of him.

Disabled as Adam now was, the Indian gained rapidly upon him. But attracted to the edge of the bank by the report of the rifle, Andrew Poe and his comrades, who had been engaged with the other Indians near by, now beheld the two men in the river, and supposing they were both Wyandotts, endeavoring to escape from the fight, Andrew brought his rifle to bear upon the foremost one and fired. The ball struck the already almost disabled arm of Adam, who, writhing from the shock, turned his face, so that his brother instantly recognized him. As soon as this discovery was made, Andrew leaped into one of the Indian canoes, and pulled out to the rescue of his struggling brother. But no sooner did Adam perceive his approach, than he shouted to him to let him alone for the present, but shoot the big Indian, who was now endeavoring to escape down the river, occasionally diving beneath the surface, and, like a duck, trying to elude the shots of his enemies by swimming in a zigzag direction.

Unfortunately Andrew's gun was empty, and in his haste to fly to the aid of his wounded brother, he had left it upon the beach. But calling to the other whites descending the bank, he directed them to fire upon the retreating Indian, and after a few shots he was seen to struggle in the water in the agonies of death.

Still, as desperately wounded as was the brave Adam, he refused to be taken into the canoe; but, drawing alongside, begged his brother to give him his knife. With this between his teeth, he struck out with one hand in the direction of the dying Indian, whom he reached just as he was sinking for the last time; and clutching the knife in his right hand, and the floating scalp lock of his enemy in his teeth, with a dexterous motion of his weapon, whipped off the scalp, and awaited the arrival of his brother, who dragged him into the canoe, and returned with him to the shore.

More fortunate than Adam, Andrew Poe and his companions had succeeded in killing every one of the main party of Big Foot's Indians, without themselves having received a single wound; and so convinced were the Wyandotts of the folly of making further attempts against the settlements, and chagrined at the death of their gigantic chief, that they were glad to enter into a friendly compact with the whites, and ever after remained their firm friends and allies.

ADELAIDE AND HER LOVERS.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Six years had passed away since "the rich orphan," Adelaide Maurice, left Holly cottage and her aunt's motherly care, and emerged from the chrysalis of school-life, and entered the world of society, acknowledged an heiress and a beauty. Very brilliant had been the young girl's career. Foreign travel, and intercourse with the best society, had perfected the work begun by her education. With all the simplicity of her childhood, she was now an accomplished and elegant woman, and one in whose character dwelt the noblest traits.

She came often to Holly cottage, now her own property, for Miss Maurice, her aunt, was dead, and Miss Lawson, her governess, remained there alone. Sometimes she came alone to escape from the irksome restraints of her position, sometimes with a party of friends, but if Arthur or Annie Gray, her old schoolmates, were at their home, they were always her cherished guests during her stay. She declared that they supplied to her the place of brother and sister. She felt for them, as she said, a calm and enduring affection, and would willingly have lavished on them her abundant wealth had not their own self-respect prevented. And no one but the mother of Arthur suspected how much dearer to the poor struggling student, was this beautiful girl so far above him in all worldly aspects, than even his own dear sister, much as he loved her, could ever be.

But the heiress had other lovers whom no scruples kept silent. She had refused many offers, and prevented by the calm indifference of her manner many more. But the son of her guardian, Alfred Haile, had won the prize. She loved him with a maiden's first love—deep, pure and trusting.

And he loved her—in his way—the way of a proud, arrogant, exacting man, vain of having triumphed over so many rivals, and keenly alive to the advantages of such a marriage. Adelaide was as unselfish as he was exacting. Yet, amiable as she was, she was not without spirit, and sometimes he pushed his arrogance to such an extent that even she could not fail to resent. And so, even with these lovers, so favored of fortune, "the course of true love" did not run too smoothly.

It was a pleasing thing to one of Alfred Haile's stamp, to exercise power over a woman so courted as Adelaide, and he had the meanness to indulge the propensity that strengthened with every fresh evidence of the yielding spirit of his betrothed. He interfered with her employments, her amusements, her charities, and even found fault with her dress and equipage. To all this Adelaide submitted, because she loved him, and a loving woman yields even to unwarrantable exactions, until it is pushed so far as to reveal meanness of character, and then, if she is clear-seeing, she ceases to respect, and love withers and dies, sometimes by a gradual decay, sometimes stricken by some great shock that scathes her own heart like an earthquake, and leaves her stunned and bewildered.

Somewhat in this last fashion did Adelaide's love for Alfred Haile come to its untimely end. We have not space to relate all that gradually weakened the love that still clung, though feebly, round its object, until one great shock rent it loose. But the day came—the day before that which was to make Adelaide free and entirely mistress of herself and her fortune—her twenty-first birthday—when the arrogant lover, too secure of his prize, so sinned against justice, against love and her, that the tie was broken. He sneered at Arthur, he insulted Annie, and then rather ordered than requested that these beloved friends of her youth should be given up. At once she saw him as he was, at once all esteem was lost, and love died. No prayers nor entreaties, no promised concessions, no passionate protestations, could galvanize into even the semblance of life the corpse of what had once been a beautiful and pure affection. Forever separated in heart, the lives of these two that ere long were to have mingled and flowed on together toward eternity, must henceforth lie far apart. Alfred left Holly cottage on the very morning when the joy-bells chimed the majority of the heiress, and the great fortune that her hand was to have betowed upon him, passed into her uncontrolled possession. Love was dead, and Adelaide was free.

* * * * * * *

When a man resolves to do and dare all possibilities for the sake of the woman he loves, there is, without doubt, a lurking hope in his heart that he may yet win her. And this hope, though all unconsciously, animated Arthur Gray. He did not believe that she any longer cherished a regard for Alfred Haile, indeed there was an open rupture between her and the family of her guardian, (caused by the sudden decision she had made,) and one not likely to be healed; but she was young, rich and beautiful, without doubt she would again and again be sought in marriage, and long ere his purpose was accomplished and fame achieved, she would have made her election among her numerous suitors. That, at least, seemed probable, and Arthur believed that he expected nothing else.

So passed another lustrum. Adelaide at twenty-six still remained unmarried. She occupied a splendid town-house during the winter months, in the summer she visited Holly cottage, or travelled, or showed herself at fashionable resorts. For a year or two Annie Gray had been her constant companion—her sister in all but name. But Annie had married, and gone, splendidly dowered, to another home. Adelaide lived alone, save that she yearly coaxed long visits from Miss Lawson.

She was still the centre, the sun of a great social circle, but she repelled as well as attracted. She was brilliant, but she was cold. In the sphere of intellect she met men with the freedom of an equal, but she shrank from the breath of adulation, from the whisper of love. Kindly to all, but passionless, she stood brightly apart from the more intimate interests of life. As one by one she calmly dismissed her adorers, it began to be whispered that she would never marry, that she had even been heard to express that resolve.

Arthur heard this, but it scarcely added an incentive to his toil. Fame had already begun to shower upon him her favors. He was spoken of as a successful man, and as a successful man is ever the world's favorite, new opportunities for effort and triumph were constantly thrust upon him. But while she preserved toward him always the same simple kindness that had marked their life-long intercourse, he could not fail to observe that, as circumstances brought him ever nearer and nearer to her own high position, an almost imperceptible, an intangible coldness reared itself into a moral barrier between them. She welcomed him to her house as she had done when Annie was her inmate, but he was no longer received in the pleasant privacy of her boudoir, nor placed upon footing different from her other visitors. She sent him invitations to her state dinners and great parties, but the quiet home circle no more expanded to receive him. If by chance she met him alone, she inquired, with the old interest, about his plans and achievements; in public she spoke her congratulations upon his successes in the tone with which she would address the acquaintance of yesterday. The situation of Arthur seemed a paradox, for the nearer he approached the lady of his devotion, the wider was the distance between them.

Arthur had dared to hope, and to acknowledge his hope when Fame cast at his feet rich guerdons that he felt were not all unworthy of her sharing. But now he was in despair. Oftentimes he was on the point of abandoning all, of leaving the harvest of success he had prepared to other reapers, of seeking forgetfulness, or peace in a life of wandering and adventure. But for his mother's yearning affection, but for his sister's pride and trust in him, I know not but he would have done so.

He knew human nature well, character he read as an open page, but he could not comprehend the heart that drew the vail of icy coldness over the warmth that kindled and glowed on its virgin altars. Adelaide had loved Alfred Haile with a young girl's pure and trusting affection. It was upon Arthur Gray, the friend of her youth, the companion of her maturer years, that the woman's passionate devotion was to be poured out. She loved him, she believed in him, she was proud of him, and yet, with the strange contradiction of a woman's nature, the more strongly she felt her whole being attracted towards him, the more she repelled him by the coldness of her demeanor. Annie alone saw and instinctively recognized the facts of Adelaide's love, but she was true to her friend, and not untrue to her brother because she had faith in the intuitions of loving hearts, and in time. She was content to wait, because she had an assurance that at last all would be well.

A great sorrow at last drew these loving hearts together. Mrs. Gray died, full of years and hope, and her children mourned for her deeply, almost bitterly at first, for her death had been sudden and unheralded by the preparing discipline of illness. Adelaide, too, sorrowed as for one of the beloved ones whose loss makes a sad era in all lives, and she went to weep with the bereaved beside the mortal remains of the dead.

It was with the ineffable pity born of love, that she beheld Arthur prostrated with grief beside his mother's corpse, and the words and the tones in which she addressed him, vibrated through every chord of his being. They brought to his heart more than comfort, more than peace—a bewildering joy. Yes, even there, in the sacred presence of the dead, a new joy had birth, and bursting all barriers, the silent love of years took form and clothed itself in burning words. To the supreme mystery of such a betrothal no mortal ear might listen, but from above, the freed spirit of the mother and true friend smiled, perhaps, upon the scene. And so the heart of Adelaide, that had been the tomb of one love, became the birthplace of a new and vital passion that made two lives to blossom and bear the golden fruitage of earth's highest joy.

A REAL DANCING-MASTER.

Marcel was a dancing-master, and the first posture-master of his day. He was so wrapt up in the sublimity of his art, that he would not pardon the least inelegance of posture. In his latter days he was in very reduced circumstances, and severely afflicted with the gout. A young lady, one of his pupils, got her father to obtain him a pension from the king, and she was deputed to present it to him. She ran up to his chair, her eyes sparkling with joy, and put it into his hand. He immediately threw it from him, and said, "Go, and take it up, Miss, and present it to me as I taught you." She burst into tears and obeyed. "I consent to take it now, and thank you; but your elbow was not quite rounded enough."

AGRICULTURE is the noblest of all alchemy, for it turns earth, and even manure, into gold, conferring upon its cultivator the additional reward of health.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

TIME has a Doomsday-Book, upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names. But, as often as a new name is written there, an old one disappears. Only few stand in illuminated characters, never to be effaced.

A CLOWN is very sure to display his clownishness, however elevated by fortune. The cat in the fable, when she was turned to a fair maiden, couldn't resist the temptation to play with mice.

MEN are often ruined by the weight of their greatness, as a tree, heavily laden with fruit, breaks its own boughs.

THE subjects of despotisms are often allowed to fatten themselves like so many swine, so that they may be the fitter to be devoured by their rulers.

THE moon, when it is fullest of light, is farthest from the sun; and men, when most abounding in wealth, are generally farthest from heaven.

THOSE who send telegraphic dispatches in these times are very apt, in one sense and *only* one, to *dispatch the truth*.

A MAN has glands to secrete tears, and saliva, and bile. What a pity he hasn't a pocket-gland to secrete money.

SOMETIMES men, who have been frankly wicked, attempt to reform, and become locked-up hypocrites.

IT is dangerous for a man to attempt, as the tower of Pisa seems doing, to see how far he can lean from an upright position without falling.

GRIEF, softened by time, grows beautiful, and we cherish it as we do some old dim picture of the dead.

FALL in love with nature in her beauty and glory, and your suit will never be rejected.

THOSE villages are generally best off where you can't find a single tavern—not a sign of one.

CARE is considered a very bad thing, and yet we are told all the time to take care.

BOYS must be separated from vicious habits as grain is from chaff—by thrashing.

KIND words are the flower of benevolence; kind deeds the fruit.

AN eagle, a courser, a lion, is not scorned on account of poverty; and surely a man should not be.

IF a man is not satisfied with a little, it is very certain he will never have enough.

SOME men are not masters of their own houses, nor even half masters—only about quartermasters.

HE is but a cold lover who wouldn't die exultingly if he might be hung with his sweetheart's garters.

TEARS are no sign of a soft heart; water is distilled from rocks.

POOR men, like good viands, are often dressed with "pepper and salt."

DON'T utter your secrets aloud beside the running brooks; they babble.

WHEN war closes, trouble ends; when armies close, trouble begins.

HE who never laughs without knowing why, must be a sad dog.

IF a man is odious in society, he might as well be in prison; the worst prisons are not of stone.

NOT to have fear when there is occasion for it is as great a weakness as cowardice.

IN this world, full often, our joys are only the tender shadows which our sorrows cast.

FAME comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.

HASTY people drink the wine of life scalding hot.

WHEN a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no *time* to spare.

THE worst bar to a man's success in life is that of the bar room.

MARRIAGE may be defined as love *parson*ified.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A GAY young Canadian who was cruising about town one evening recently, meeting a lady-like woman, impertinently asked her if she would not like some refreshments, to which she responded in the affirmative, and a fashionable meal at a fashionable saloon was the first result; another result was that the gay Canadian missed his pocket-book, soon after he separated from his condescending companion, rushed to a policeman, put him on track, and had the "lady" arrested. She indignantly denied having ever seen the young man, but was locked up for trial, and the final result was that the unfortunate accuser, not being able to give bail for his appearance as a witness against her, was also locked up.

THE body of an unknown man was found floating in the water at Bay Ridge a few days since. The deceased seemed to have been a gentleman of some position, and quite a sum of money and many valuables were found on his person, but no clue to his identity. At first it was thought that he might have been one of the prisoners at Fort Lafayette, who had perished in an attempt to get away, but on inquiry it was found that no one had escaped from that prison.

A MAN at work in the Coupar Grange farina mills was caught by his necktie by a revolving shaft over which he was leaning, and instantly choked to death, and his arms getting caught, in his convulsive struggles, were both torn off at the shoulders, and were still whirling around with the shaft when the unfortunate man's body was picked up by his fellow-workmen and carried away.

As a number of boys were amusing themselves, in the streets surrounding Madison Square, by throwing small stones at each other, one of the missiles struck a little girl, four years old, that was passing with her nurse, in the eye, and injured it so badly it was thought the sight would be permanently extinguished.

A COUPLE of French sailors got into a quarrel, near the Battery, a few mornings since, and one of them drawing a stiletto, attempted to plunge it into the other's bosom, but was happily prevented by a gentleman who caught his arm, and held him until a policeman came up and took him in custody.

A HOUSE in Brooklyn was entered by thieves, one evening lately, and robbed of silver-ware to a large amount, while the family were upstairs and the servants in the kitchen. It seems to us that either the family or the servants must have been in collusion with the thieves.

A CONNECTICUT paper says that, at Danbury, in that State, a number of boys lately attempted to burn off a pig's tail, in the barn of a well-to-do gentleman of that place, *and succeeded*—but that in doing it they also burnt up the pig, the barn, and its entire contents.

A BOY eight years of age, in leaping off the hind end of a truck upon which he was riding one day lately, came down immediately in front of a horse drawing another vehicle just behind the truck, and the animal stepping on the boy, crushed him to death on the spot.

A COUPLE of schoolboys, of Williamsburgh, lately got into a fight, and one stabbing the other in the neck with a penknife, inflicted a severe and dangerous wound.

A WELL-DRESSED man, in rowing across the East river the other day, nearly opposite the Grand street ferry, was run into by a sailing vessel, his boat upset, and himself drowned.

IN a brigade that is being raised in Illinois, there are said to be no less than eleven clergymen holding positions as privates and officers, and that every evening religious services are held in various parts of the camp.

A CANADIAN, named Daniel May, who came to this city recently, on his way to the West Indies, fell dead in the street, as he was walking with some friends.

A WAREHOUSE in Albany was robbed the other night of a large sum of money, which the burglars succeeded in abstracting from a "burglar-proof" safe.

A LADY, some thirty years of age, living in Sullivan street, in this city, accidently set fire to her clothes one evening recently, and was burned to death.

A LITTLE boy, five years old, was run over the other day by a Third Avenue railroad car, as he was playing in the street, and instantly killed.

AT a recent fire at Greenpoint two brothers were burned so badly that one of them died, and the other, if he lives, will probably be crippled for life.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

The Cause of the Enormous and Unparalleled Circulation of the Ledger.—We pay more money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, than is paid by any ten other literary papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others.

We always stop the Ledger at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

We cannot change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former*, as well as his present address.

Rejected Manuscripts.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

Our Only Terms.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. ☞ We employ no travelling agents.

DIFFICULTY OF INVADING A COUNTRY.

There is one thing our croakers ought to remember—it is ten times easier to defend a country than to subdue it.

When this nation had but three millions of people, and no soldiers, no generals, no navy, it defended itself against the most powerful nation then existing. At the same time we invaded Canada, a weak, thinly-settled province, containing a mere handful of troops; we sent two of our best generals, Montgomery and Arnold, and two gallant little armies, on that business, but our failure was complete.

On the second of December, 1814, when Gen. Jackson reached New Orleans to defend it against the most formidable expedition that ever sailed American waters, the city was utterly defenceless. Two hundred men could have taken it. Three weeks and one day later, the advancing British army was stopped and half defeated, and sixteen days after, on January 8th, 1815, it was cut to pieces and forced to give up the attempt. Why? Partly because Gen. Jackson and his men were brave and resolute, but principally because it is ten times easier to defend a country than to subdue it.

Napoleon never tried so hard to do anything as he did to invade England; but in the plenitude of his power, and after many months of preparation, he could not land one armed man under the chalky cliffs of Albion.

As an invading force is generally fighting in the dark, i. e., in ignorance of localities and of the amount of the enemy's force, it is peculiarly liable to accident and panic. The least thing is sufficient sometimes to frustrate the best laid plan. It was the accidental discharge of a single gun that prevented Montgomery from taking Quebec in 1775. It was a premature halt of a few hours that caused the British defeat at New Orleans. It was a storm that lost Napoleon his only chance of getting over the channel. It was the cackling of geese that balked the invaders of Rome.

Invasion, always difficult, was never so difficult as it is now, when the poorest nation can put a rifled cannon on every hillock.

Nevertheless, difficult as it is, it is not impossible to brave men. To men brave enough few things are impossible. But of one thing we may rest assured—a country cannot be successfully invaded by throwing a few hundred or a few thousand men across the boundary line or boundary river, and there halting them to see what the enemy are going to do about it. No; an invading army must be prepared to advance and strike, and give the foe no time for reflection. When the Rubicon or the Potomac has been crossed, there is no safety but to charge upon the enemy, and charge again, until the invaders are victorious or dead.

In war, as in peace, Col. David Crockett's maxim holds good: Be sure you are right, then *go ahead*. Gen. Jackson's saying is also excellent both in war and peace: "Take all the time to think that circumstances permit, but when the time for action has come, stop thinking."

THANKSGIVING.

The return of the season when we are wont to make public profession of our gratitude to Heaven for its bounty and protecting care, finds us less joyous of mood than in those halcyon days when the whole people, with one heart and in one spirit, gave thanks to the Father of us all. We shall gather as aforetime in the temples of worship; the household feast will be set, as usual, in our dwellings; but of the worshippers and guests of a year ago, thousands will be missed, and in many a family circle vacant places, never more to be filled by their former occupants, will be regarded with tearful eyes by the "old folks at home."

War has beckoned to the field the flower of our young men. Good sons, crowds of them, have joined the army. They will not forget Thanksgiving. It will be kept, we doubt not, in all our camps, and it would add greatly to the solemnity and sublimity of the occasion, if the voice of praise and supplication could be lifted up by the whole army on the same day.

In the midst of our difficulties we have infinite cause for thankfulness. We might have had famine, or pestilence, or both superadded to the visitation of war. From these we have been mercifully exempted. Never has a healthier year been known than the one now closing in, and never has the God of Harvests poured plenty upon us with so affluent a hand. Let us then be grateful and hopeful. *Somewhere* behind the war-cloud hides the angel, Peace. Sooner, perhaps, than we wot of, the cloud may dissolve, and her radiant form appear.

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

"The best materials for authentic history are to be found in the daily papers," said a sententious editor not long ago. It may be so, but we don't see it. It seems to us that the man who can eliminate truth from the mass of contradictions with which they confound and distract the public mind at this juncture, is equal to the task of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, or squaring the circle, or converting a certain animal's ears into silken purses. Find your historian and let him try it on. Furnish him with full files of the New York dailies from April to November of the present year, and bid him compile from them an authentic history of the war during that period. Imagine him engaged in the interesting labor, with a wet towel round his head to preserve his sanity, and the hopelessness of Sterne's Captive imprinted on every feature. Miserable wretch! how he would envy Sisyphus, and Ixion, and the Titan under Mount Vesuvius, and felons on the treadmill. How the Father of Fibs would chuckle over his perplexities. Wouldn't his compilation, when finished—if it ever *were* finished—be a beautiful specimen of "philosophy teaching by example?" Fancy archæologists in the distant future trying to get the hang of it. Authentic history from the daily newspapers, forsooth! when scores of telegraphic batteries are firing broadsides of falsehood in their behalf day and night! Was there ever anything more preposterous! Some dogmatists insist that whatever is, *is*, but it may be asserted, as a general principle, that whatever is, (in the telegrams transmitted to the press,) *is not*.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S PROPHECY.

How prophetic were these words of Mr. Webster, uttered in the Senate on the Seventh of March, 1850:

"Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! Who is so foolish—I beg everybody's pardon—as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these states, now revolving in harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without producing the crush of the universe. There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great constitution under which we live here—covering this whole country—is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun—disappear almost unobserved, and die off? No, sir! no, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the states; but, sir, I see it as plainly as I see the sun in heaven—I see that disruption must produce such a war as I will not describe."

In the same speech he denied the possibility of secession on any terms, or in any manner:

"We could not sit down here to-day, and draw a line of separation, that would satisfy any five men in the country. There are natural causes that would keep and tie us together, and there are social and domestic relations which we could not break, if we would, and which we should not if we could.

"Sir, nobody can look over the face of this country at the present moment—nobody can see where its population is most dense and growing—without being ready to admit, and compelled to admit, that, ere long, America will be in the valley of the Mississippi.

"Well, now, sir, I beg to inquire what the wildest enthusiast has to say, on the possibility of cutting off that river, and leaving free states at its source and its branches, and slave states down near its mouth? Pray, sir—pray, sir, let me say to the people of this country, that these things are worthy of their pondering and of their consideration. Here, sir, are five millions of freemen in the free states north of the river Ohio: can anybody suppose that this population can be severed by a line that divides them from the territory of a foreign and an alien government, down somewhere, the Lord knows where, upon the lower banks of the Mississippi? What will become of Missouri? Will she join the arrondissment of the slave states? Shall the man from the Yellow Stone and the Platte be connected in the new republic with the man who lives on the southern extremity of the Cape of Florida? Sir, I am ashamed to pursue this line of remark. I dislike it—I have an utter disgust for it. I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, war, pestilence, and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession. To break up! to break up this great government! to dismember this great country! to astonish Europe with an act of folly, such as Europe for two centuries has never beheld in any government! No, sir! no, sir!"

OUR NERVE AND ENTERPRISE.

The vigorous, self-reliant people of this country move with a firm step and a straight backbone under the pressure imposed upon them by the war. There is no shadow on their brow, no doubt in their eyes, no tremor in their tones, no indication that their energies are not fully equal to their vast responsibilities. The completion of a continuous line of telegraphic communication five thousand miles in length, has just brought San Francisco within two hours of New York, and our capitalists are now proposing to establish a line of mail steamers to China and Japan, which will bring this port within twenty days of Canton and Jeddo, and enable us to transmit intelligence from those cities to England and France in advance of the overland mail by the Red Sea route. From the commercial advantages which the faithful States will derive from these great undertakings the South is self-debarred. She has chosen isolation and already feels its consequences in the stagnation of her trade and the emptiness of her treasury. But as yet she has only tasted of the bitter cup mixed for her by political poisonmongers—the dregs remain behind. We hope she will ere long return to reason.

WINTER CHARITIES.

Food, shelter and fuel are cheaper now than they were last year at this time, and there is no likelihood that they will become dearer as the cold season advances. This is a happy circumstance for families of small means; but to those who have *nothing*, it is of little consequence whether the necessaries of life are cheap or dear. The number of the utterly destitute in this city, who must be supported by public and private charity during the winter, or starve, is fearfully large. But New York benevolence is broad and deep as her rivers, and flows as freely. It will not belie its proverbial reputation. Let luxury be stinted to feed necessity. But let givers be sure that they succor *only* the necessitous. Whining imposters abound in our streets. Investigate, discriminate, give not a dollar blindly. Every sixpence misapplied is a wrong to the deserving poor.

OUR CHAMP DE MARS.

It is to be presumed that the few recruiting officers who still linger about the City Hall Park will soon strike their tents and go into winter quarters. Their mildewed tabernacles are not calculated to give young Norvals from the interior a very exalted idea of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Raw recruits occasionally inquire: "Are these the sorter consarns we shall have to sleep under in Virginny;" nor do the slightly exaggerated descriptions, given by the officers, of the comforts and luxuries of camp life, entirely do away with the chilling impression created by the tenements in question. In fact, they are an eyesore to everybody, and if a stout November gale should take them on its wings and bear them over the house tops into the bay, nobody would complain of their summary removal.

LITTLE LISTENERS.

If we stopped to think how every word spoken in the presence of a little child, affects its future, for good or evil, we would all be far more considerate in our speech. It is astonishing how, for days, children will ponder over a careless word or sentence which no one supposed they had even heard, and at some critical moment use it themselves, with a most startling and horrifying effect. How an impatient, petulant word shocks us coming second-hand from those innocent lips! Then, alas! we see and deplore its real deformity, and realize how potent is our influence over these observant innocents, not only at all times, but at every moment of time in which they are in our presence.

THE CAMPAIGN OF ECKMUHL.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

On the 2nd of January, 1809, the emperor Napoleon was at Astorga, in Spain. At the head of 50,000 troops he had marched two hundred miles in ten days, and was driving Sir John Moore with his British troops pell-mell out of the peninsula. It was a stormy morning of wind and sleet, and the ground was white with the melting snow. Napoleon, sharing all the fatigue of his troops, was toiling through the storm, at the head of a division, when a courier reached him with dispatches from France. There was no house near. A fire was consequently built by the roadside, and the emperor read the dispatches, with the snow flakes falling thickly upon him.

The dispatches informed him that Austria, taking advantage of the employment of the French army in Spain, had entered into a new coalition with England to attack him in the North; and that Russia, indignant that Napoleon would not consent to the annexation of Constantinople to the Russian empire, was also preparing to join the coalition. The gloomy prospect of another great European war for a moment appalled the mind of the emperor. Sadly and in silence he rode back to Astorga. An hour of reflection dispelled his gloom, and summoning all his energies he prepared for the dread encounter. Leaving Marshal Soult to pursue the fugitive English army, he returned to Paris, having first directed the imperial guard to march from Spain to the Rhine as rapidly as possible.

Napoleon, conscious of the immense force he could bring into the field, said to Savary: "There must be some plans in preparation which I do not penetrate, for there is madness in declaring war against me. They fancy me dead, but we shall soon see how matters will turn out. It will be laid to my charge that I cannot remain quiet; that I am ambitious. But they compel me to war."

In preparation for the tremendous strife, all the energies of France were immediately brought into requisition. Napoleon exhausted his amenuenses by working them, night and day, in writing letters to generals, ambassadors, engineers, kings and princes. Battalions of troops were moving in all directions, apparently in inextricable confusion. Every foundry and arsenal in the empire was taxed to its utmost capacity. Napoleon hoped, by the magnitude of his preparation, to overawe Austria, and thus prevent the conflict. "These very active and provident arrangements," says Thiers, "prove that Napoleon took as much pains to prevent war as to prepare for it."

But Austria had gone too far to retract. England exerted all her influence of money and diplomacy to urge on the war, and succeeded in drawing the Ottoman Porte into the coalition. The banded foes of Napoleon now felt strong. The king of Bavaria, one of Napoleon's allies, wished to place his son, a young man inexperienced in war, but of thorough military education, in command of the Bavarian troops.

"Your army," Napoleon replied, "must fight in earnest in this campaign. Your son may be able to command when he shall have made six or seven campaigns with us. Meanwhile, let him come to my head-quarters. He will be received there with all the consideration due to him, and will learn our trade."

Gen. Vandame was placed in command of the 12,000 troops furnished by the king of Wurtemberg. "I know," said Napoleon, "General Vandame's defects; but he is a true soldier. In this difficult calling much must be forgiven."

The river Inn forms the eastern boundary of Bavaria. The Austrian troops were assembled in immense numbers, on the banks of that stream, prepared for the march of invasion. Many noble Austrians were opposed to this perfidious attack. Count Cobentsel, then on his dying bed, wrote to the emperor:

"Avoid a war, for which no provocation is given, and which will be the ruin of your house. Napoleon will conquer, and will then have the right to be inexorable."

"Nonsense," said the emperor Francis, as he read this remonstrance, "Napoleon can do nothing now. His troops are all in Spain."

As the emperor Francis left his palace to place himself at the head of his troops, Count Wallis said, pithily, "There is Darius, running to meet an Alexander. He will experience the same fate."

The Austrian troops, in a division 200,000 strong, crossed the Inn on the 10th of April, 1809. Three hundred thousand additional troops were following. At ten o'clock at night Napoleon received the telegraphic announcement. As he read it he said calmly:

"Very well! Behold us once more at Vienna. Since they force me to it they shall have war to their heart's content."

It was a distance of six hundred miles from Paris to the Inn. At midnight Napoleon took his carriage with Josephine for Strasburg. He travelled by day and night until he reached Strasburg. Leaving Josephine here, he immediately crossed the Rhine, and met at Dillengen, the King of Bavaria, who had been driven from Munich, his capital.

"In fifteen days," said Napoleon, "I will free your country from the invaders and restore you to your capital."

The whole French Army was instantly in motion. Napoleon seemed to be everywhere present, and he was every where victorious. In three days he fought as many battles, destroying of the Austrian army, in killed, wounded and captives, 20,000 men. In these movements he had concentrated an army of 90,000 men at Eckmuhl. The Austrian Archduke Charles had entrenched there an army 100,000 strong. It was the night of the 19th of April. Napoleon slept for an hour upon a bench in a rude hut, and before the dawn of the morning marshalled his hosts for the decisive battle. The sun of a warm April day rose cloudless, and soon dispelled the fog which hung heavily over the plains.

A scene of surpassing loveliness was then opened to the eye. "Verdant meadows, winding streams, gardens, villages and rural mansions embowered in trees, presented an aspect of extraordinary beauty. The white tents of the Austrians profusely sprinkled the plain. The gleam of polished armor flashed through the osiers and willows, which, fringing the streams, were just bursting into leaf. Innumerable steeds were cropping the fresh herbage." The clangor of approaching battle filled the air, as banners waved, and horses neighed, and trumpets sounded, and squadrons of cavalry and battalions of infantry and artillery took their positions upon the plain and the adjacent hights. At noon the conflict began.

The first shot which was fired was the signal for a general, simultaneous discharge of musketry and artillery, in a roar of battle such as has seldom been heard on this globe. For five hours the deafening thunder continued without intermission, and the storm of mutilation and death swept the plain.

The evening twilight was now approaching, and the enemy began to waver. Napoleon had held the Imperial Guard, though chafing, in reserve for this decisive hour. This invincible squadron, ten thousand strong, encased in helmets and breastplates of glittering steel, and mounted on horses of great power, swept down a gentle declivity upon the plain with a tramp which shook the hills. The peal of bugles was heard, and from the brow of an opposing eminence the Austrian cavalry reserve, in equal numbers appeared, and also came rushing down upon the crowded and blood-stained arena. It was manifest to every observer that the issue of the day was now to be decided. The wearied combatants of both armies instinctively rested upon their guns to watch the sublime and terrific spectacle.

On both sides the horses were spurred to their utmost speed. The concussion was awful. Hundreds of horses and riders were plunged to the dust and trampled beneath the commingled host. It was now a hand-to-hand fight, sabre clashing against sabre. The sun went down. The stars came out. And still the tumultuous mass swayed to and fro, fire flashing from their swords, as steel struck steel, both parties apparently determined to conquer or to die. But no mortal strength could long endure such exhausting effort. Gradually the clangor of the battle grew fainter; and at length the Austrians, having lost two-thirds of their number, wavered, recoiled, and fled. *Vive l'Empereur* burst from the lips of the French Guard, and invigorated by victory, they goaded their horses in the pursuit, and the fugitives were cut down and trampled upon the ensanguined plain.

Never was there a commander who knew so well as Napoleon how to profit by a victory. Though it was a moonless night, the whole French army was instantly put in motion, and the thunders of the battle again echoed over hill and valley. With fearful slaughter the Austrians were driven from the field, and plunged into confusion, tumult and panic, from which there was no fear that they would recover during the night. Napoleon then ordered his exhausted troops to halt, refresh themselves with food, and take a comfortable night's repose.

Before the dawn of the morning Napoleon was on horseback, leading his army again in pursuit of the foe, everywhere cutting them down, taking captives, and securing large baggage trains. Six thousand Austrians were left dead upon the plain of Eckmuhl. Twenty thousand prisoners, fifteen standards and an immense quantity of the munitions of war, fell into the hands of the victor. The terrified Austrians fled in wildest rout, across the Danube and out of Bavaria, into the fastnesses of the Bohemian mountains. Thus in a campaign of five days it was announced to Europe that 60,000 Austrians were either killed, wounded or captured; 3,000 baggage-wagons were taken; three pontoon trains; one hundred pieces of artillery; forty standards; and tents, baggage and other material of war to an incalculable amount. "In four weeks," said Napoleon in his bulletin, "we will be in Vienna." Europe was amazed at such a campaign.

GOSSIPVILLE.

There are many Gossipvilles scattered about the country. Troys, Romes and Atticas are tolerably thick on the ground, but one can scarcely go fifty miles in any direction without plumping into a Gossipville. From some cause or other the name has been omitted in the Gazetteers, and untravelled persons may possibly consider this circumstance *prima facie* evidence that the places referred to belong only to the topography of Dreamland. But as we know that many villages described and depicted on paper have no existence in fact, why should not villages that exist in fact be sometimes uncatalogued on paper. This suggestion is thrown in for the benefit of inductive philosophers. Practical men are well aware that every county, to say the least, has its Gossipville. The specimen of the genus we have in our mind's eye at present, it is unnecessary to locate. We will merely describe the peculiarities of the inhabitants, and any community that the cap fits is respectfully invited to put it on.

The misanthropic individual who acquired a fortune by minding his own business would be out of his element in Gossipville. There the inhabitants magnanimously neglect their own affairs, to attend without fee or reward to those of their neighbors. The womankind are so unselfish that they will leave the most pressing household work unfinished, to canvass confidentially, in committees of twos and threes, the sayings and doings of their dearest friends. Rumor is very potent in Gossipville. In fact she is the tutelar divinity of the place, "whom all in public and in private worship." Exaggeration is cultivated there as one of the fine arts, and the legend of the three black crows would be considered a very feeble attempt at amplification, by the Gossipvillians.

Reader, if you have ever been among them, we need not tell you what a deep, not to say enthusiastic interest they take in the private concerns of the stranger within the gates; how skilfully they examine and cross-examine him; how they watch his incomings and outgoings, and what unpleasant theories they get up in relation to his antecedents, his means, his motives and his morals. Dr. Franklin, who knew them well, was accustomed on entering their territory, to display a card which forestalled inquiry. On it were inscribed his name and age, manner of life, the object of his visit, and such other information of a personal nature as he supposed to be in special request at Gossipville. This is a very excellent plan, and we heartily commend it to all who may have occasion to sojourn there.

There is one redeeming feature in the character of the Gossipvillians. They are not without taste. They take the Ledger. This article will be read by most of them, and we hope that it may do them good.

BUOYANT PEOPLE.

There are certain persons whom to meet, is like opening the window of a close apartment on a delicious June day. The first breath is an inspiration. You throw back your locks from your heated forehead, and your weary eyes, and ask nothing but to sit down and let this soother minister to you. All your cares, and frets, one by one creep away, and a new life and vigor seem infused into every nerve and muscle. You are not the same creature that you were ten minutes before. You are ready after all to do valiant battle with life, though you had supposed yourself quite surrendered to its every-day, petty and harassing tyrant necessities. Exuberant animal strength must needs carry with it hopefulness and courage; and they whose nerves have been strained and weakened by past trouble, welcome the breezy, fresh influence of such, like Heaven's own dew and sunshine. It is a tonic, the blessing of which the unconscious giver knows not how to appreciate perhaps, but oh how invaluable to the receiver! A soulful face, an exultant word—a light springing step! We raise our weary eyes first in wonder, then in admiration; and the sympathetic chord thus struck—the brow clears, the eyes brighten, and life seems—not the curse we morbidly thought it—but the blessing God intended it.

Fanny Fern.

"PLEBEIAN BLOOD."

One Col. Harris, Editor of "The Ohio Field Notes," in a lesson to ladies on the management of their horses, says: "A lady equestrian must never appear in a hurry; it is unbecoming and ungenteel, and shows *plebeian blood;* and many instances are on record, showing that a horse knows a lady or gentleman at sight."

Does a horse know a snob? If so, and the animal has no more respect for one than we have, the editor of "Field Notes" could scarcely enter a stable without being greeted with a *horse laugh*.

THE ROMANCE OF NICK VAN STANN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I cannot vouch my tale is true,
Nor swear, indeed, 'tis wholly new;
But true or false, or new or old,
I think you'll find it fairly told.
A Frenchman, who had ne'er before
Set foot upon a foreign shore,
Weary of home, resolved to go
And see what Holland had to show.
He didn't know a word of Dutch,
But that could hardly grieve him much;
He thought—as Frenchmen always do—
That all the world could "*parley-voo!*"
At length our eager tourist stands
Within the famous Netherlands,
And, strolling gaily here and there
In search of something rich or rare,
A lordly mansion greets his eyes;
"How beautiful!" the Frenchman cries,
And, bowing to the man who sate
In livery at the garden-gate,
"Pray, Mr. Porter, if you please,
Whose very-charming grounds are these?
And—pardon me—be pleased to tell
Who in this splendid house may dwell?"
To which, in Dutch, the puzzled man
Replied what seemed like "*Nick Van Stann.*"*
"Thanks!" said the Gaul, "the owner's taste
Is equally superb and chaste;
So fine a house, upon my word,
Not even Paris can afford.
With statues, too, in every niche,
Of course, *Monsieur Van Stann* is rich,
And lives, I warrant, like a king—
Ah! wealth must be a charming thing!"
In Amsterdam the Frenchman meets
A thousand wonders in the streets,
But most he marvels to behold
A lady dressed in silk and gold.
Gazing with rapture at the dame,
He begs to know the lady's name,
And hears—to raise his wonder more—
The very words he heard before!
"*Mercie!*" he cries, "well, on my life,
Milord has got a charming wife;
'Tis plain to see, this *Nick Van Stann*
Must be a very happy man!"

Next day, our tourist chanced to pop
His head within a lottery-shop,
And there he saw, with staring eyes,
The drawing of the Mammoth Prize.
"Ten Millions!—'Tis a pretty sum;
I wish I had as much at home!
I'd like to know, as I'm a sinner,
What lucky fellow is the winner?"
Conceive our traveller's amaze
To hear again the hackneyed phrase!
"What! No?—not *Nick Van Stann* again?
Faith! he's the luckiest of men!
You may be sure we don't advance
So rapidly as that in France,
A house, the finest in the land;
A lovely garden, nicely planned;
A perfect angel of a wife,
And gold enough to last a life—
There never yet was mortal man
So blest as *Monsieur Nick Van Stann!*"

Next day the Frenchman chanced to meet
A pompous funeral in the street,
And asking one who stood near by
What nobleman had pleased to die?
Was stunned to hear the old reply!
The Frenchman sighed and shook his head,
"*Mon Dieu!* poor *Nick Van Stann* is dead!
With such a house, and such a wife,
It must be hard to part with life;
And then, to lose that Mammoth Prize-
He wins, and—pop!—the winner dies!
Ah! well—his blessings came so fast,
I greatly feared they couldn't last;
And thus, we see, the sword of Fate
Cuts down alike the small and great!"

* *Niet verstaan*—I don't understand.

THE TONGUE AS A BUSINESS AGENT.

The head plans, the hand executes, the tongue *recommends* and *sells;* but as inventive talent, mechanical dexterity, and extraordinary conversational powers are rarely united in the same individual, the planning head and the executive hand often employ, at a high rate of compensation, a plausible and persuasive tongue to turn to good account the results of their labors.

The man who has the faculty of *talking people into a thing*, may always command a handsome income in this country. As the girl in the fable dropped diamonds from her mouth every time she opened it, so he, by the mere wagging of his oily tongue, can coin money. An inventor has a patent or a patent article to sell. Rude is he in speech, perhaps, and "little used to the set phrase of terms." Should *he* attempt to explain its merits, nobody would listen to him. He is too prosy. Consequently he hires a *talker*—a fellow whose tongue, like the young Teuton's magic fiddle, draws people from their ordinary pursuits and gives their energies a new direction, whether they will or no. O! the amount of unworkable "labor-saving machinery" that has been sold by the eloquent "middlemen" who negotiate between silent genius and open-eared credulity. It is a wonderful gift, the power of persuasion. It beguiles thousands of sober, sedate men into ruinous speculations We have seen persons of oyster-like temperament overcome and carried away by it. Yet the evil is not in the thing itself, but in its abuse and misapplication. Controlled by principle, it is a moral agent of inappreciable value. "Almost," said Agrippa to the eloquent and captivating orator, St. Paul, "almost thou *persuadest* me to be a Christian."

But of the wordcraft of men whose eloquence is the inspiration of sordid self-interest, beware. Every year hundreds of individuals—many of them of more than average intellect and acquirements—are literally talked out of all they possess—out of comfortable homes into poorhouses and lunatic asylums and premature graves. As a general rule, business men who permit themselves to be allured by plausible statements into speculations of the feasibility of which their previous experience does not qualify them to judge, make utter shipwreck of their fortunes.

WANT OF GRATITUDE IN CHILDREN.

It is to be feared it is too frequently the case that children and very young people are utterly wanting in gratitude to their parents. They may, and generally do, love them sincerely and devotedly, and may even be willing to sacrifice themselves for them; but it never occurs to them that they have anything for which to be grateful. It seems so much a matter of course that all good things should flow to them from their parents, that they never give a thought to the source whence they are derived. It is not till the parental hand is withdrawn by death, that they discover how much they owed to those that are no more; how much they miss the tender care that can no more assist them.

The Truest Repentance.—As continued health is vastly preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence to the truest repentance.

The noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed woman for the good of the world is maternal love—that love which seeks no return.

OFFERING TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Soul of the beautiful! my life has yearned
To wreathe an offering worthy of thy shrine—
An offering rich with Poesy's amaranth,
And Passion's purest rose and Truth's own star,
An offering worthy thee and this great world—
O'er which the lambent wings of Cherubim,
But less than those o'er Zion's ancient seat,
Might spread: no matter its unworthiness;
I know that thou wilt smile, even as the Sun
Smiles on the smallest flower that springs to deck
His altar of the Earth—the father he,
As thou wert parent of my earnest lays.

Soul of the Beautiful! still feed my heart
With love; still take its worship of thy realms,
While in reverent, but not songless, awe,
Behold the Universe's mighty wheel
Resplendent turn in Time's great cataract
Pouring forever down from God's great throne.

VASCO PERES,
THE COOPER OF ALCOBAÇA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER VII.

"He hath not lost all who hath one throw to cast."

On finding that his scheme for the abduction of Elvira was dashed to the ground, the first feeling that troubled the soul of Cabreira was that of hopeless despair; and as he passed through the gates of Alcôa he experienced that oppression on the spirits common to those who see the absolute necessity of relinquishing forever a long cherished hope. This sensation was blended with another of a different kind; the words spoken in a whisper by the monk filled him with anxiety for the future; for he saw that it was in the power of that man to ruin him; yet, could he but have discovered who he was, this danger might have been averted; but even from this last resource was he cut off. Such was more or less the drift of the first thoughts that forced themselves upon the Lord of Valverde. But his was a character not apt to give up all for lost ere subjecting the difficulties in which he might be involved to a thorough sifting; his tenacity of purpose was that of the mastiff; as he never decided upon a move without calmly weighing the probabilities for and against, so likewise he never abandoned a project before he had satisfied himself that every chance of success was gone. He now found that he had two cases to deal with, both of them perplexing, if not hopeless.

The reader will already have conjectured that it was not love that impelled Cabreira towards Elvira. He was undoubtedly an admirer of her personal attractions; but that emotion of pure and unalloyed love, which gives undisputed sway to the inmost heart of man over every bias of the mind, was unknown to the cold and calculating Lord of Valverde, who during his courtship, may have succeeded in covering this insensibility by words of gallantry, but ever had failed in giving a genuine pathos to his voice; for this is beyond the reach of the most gifted deceivers, who can only prevail through their arts when the lady is herself entangled in the meshes of love, or when her intellect is not of the brightest. Elvira was in neither of these plights; from the first she felt an aversion for Cabreira, and as to her intellect, it was remarkably clear, having acquired a more thorough insight into the character of the wooer than he imagined, or could have wished. The aim of the Lord of Valverde were the vast estates of the Lady of Runa.

A few moment's contemplation was sufficient for him to become convinced that all hopes of his marriage with Elvira were blasted forever. But was he as ready to admit the same conclusion with respect to obtaining possession of her estates? this was one subject that embarrassed him; the next was to counteract the danger he anticipated from the mysterious monk.

Fernâo Rodrigues, who rode beside him, hazarded a few remarks to his superior; but as the latter did not vouchsafe any answer, the man remained silent, perceiving by the light of the moon, which was just rising, that there was a heavy cloud upon the brow of Cabreira, who seemed to be wrapt in deep thought. At length, a few minutes before they reached the village, Fernâo observed something like a smile of satisfaction pass over the hitherto stern and gloomy face of his commander.

"Fernâo," said the latter in an undertone, so as not to be overheard by the soldiers, who marched on a short distance behind them, "Fernâo, I must go to Porto-de-Moz."

"To Porto-de-Moz! to see the king?" exclaimed Fernâo, in the same tone, but in a tone that argued surprise.

"Even so; it must needs be. It will not take me much over three hours to get there, and I shall be back before noon to-morrow."

"Then, you go to-night?"

"Yes, about an hour hence."

"You will require a guard; how many shall attend you, senhor?"

"None; they would only clog my speed," replied Cabreira; "I must have a guide familiar with the by-roads. Do thou have a trusty one sought for with all dispatch, and let him be well mounted. Now, lead the men to the castle, and see to it, that all be in readiness at my arrival. There is a business which detains me here for a while."

As these words were spoken, they were just entering the square in front of the monastery. Cabreira turned off from the line, and, stationing himself at the distance of a few feet, commanded the soldiers to follow Fernâo Rodrigues, who led them away to their quarters. As soon as they were out of sight, Cabreira looked around him, and seeing no living soul abroad, he advanced along the skirt of the square, where a few small houses were situated, and passing them, hid himself behind a cluster of trees, from whence, without being observed, he might see those who sought admittance into the convent, as the entrance was nearly opposite, and the moon was shining bright. He remained there for about half an hour; but nobody was seen to enter the abode of the monks.

"There has been ample time for this monk to have regained the convent," muttered Cabreira to himself. "We came at a slow pace; he most probably used all speed, and returned by some by-path. Ay, ay, the rabbit must be in his burrow ere this. Wait a bit, thou sly priest, an thou art a true monk of St. Bernard, I shall soon ferret thee out."

Speaking thus, in the tone of one who flatters himself to have overreached another in cunning, the Lord of Valverde rode across the square, which was some two hundred yards in width, and reined in at the gate of the monastery. It was only after knocking several times that at length a harsh voice asked who was there, while a face, on which discontent was visibly stamped, showed itself through the bars of the wicket; but the name of the applicant was no sooner given than the face assumed a smiling expression.

"'Tis a late hour to intrude upon your slumbers, frei Bernardo," said Cabreira; "but passing this way, I thought to inquire whether any of the holy brothers are abroad?"

"None to my knowledge, senhor," replied the porter.

"But did not one of the community come in just now?"

"No; I can answer for that. The last who entered was frei Antonio da Visitação, and that was an hour after *Ave-Marias*. But why this question, my lord?"

"Then it must be as I thought; some rogue has put on the saintly habit of your order for some unholy purpose. As I came along the road erewhile, I saw the figure of a monk, at least there was no mistaking the dress; but ere I reached him, he turned out of the road into the fields. Pray, hold me excused for thus breaking in upon your sleep. A fair night to you, frei Bernardo," and so saying, Cabreira rode off.

"This is novel! Who can have made bold to assume our habit as a disguise? *Santo nome de Deus!* and under our very noses! within the very pale of our jurisdiction! My lord the abbot must be informed of this the first thing in the morning," and amid these and other similar outbursts of pious indignation, frei Bernardo hobbled back to his bed in no very amiable humor at having been aroused.

Cabreira's anger and disappointment on being foiled in his hopes of obtaining a clew to the identity of the strange monk, may easily be imagined; but as he passed the sentinel at the gateway of the castle, his face was calm and serene, and none would have supposed but that all within him was in the same state. A few minutes after his arrival, he mounted a fresh steed, and started for Porto-de-Moz, accompanied by a single guide, who had been furnished with a horse in no wise inferior to the one Cabreira rode.

* * * * * * *

We will now remove the scene for a short time to Porto-de-Moz, a strongly fortified town about fifteen miles east of Alcobaça. The king and his troops had arrived there from Ourem the same evening which witnessed some of the incidents related in the preceding chapters.

Early the next morning, Dom João, King of Portugal, was seated in a bed-chamber of the castle, engaged in conversation with the lord of Valverde. This prince, whose long reign was destined to work one of the proudest epochs in the history of his country, was only twenty-eight years of age, of medium stature, but with well-proportioned limbs, indicating great bodily strength. His face was broad; his hair black, short and neatly combed; his eyes, of the same color, were large, and uncommonly brilliant and lively. Though his forehead was not remarkable for its elevation, rather the reverse, yet his countenance bore a look of intelligence, and its general expression was agreeable and prepossessing. Having been informed at his levee of Cabreira's arrival, Dom João had ordered him to be admitted to his presence without delay; and as Cabreira intimated that he came on important business, every one had left the room as soon as the king was dressed.



CABREIRA BEFORE THE KING.

"What has happened, Dom Garcia? What has brought you to our presence?" asked the king.

"Nothing less than treason, sire," replied Cabreira.

"Treason, Dom Garcia! Who, then, has proved false to us? Pray unfold this matter with all dispatch!"

"There are many persons implicated, sire; and I grieve to say that one of the guilty is a lady—Dona Elvira Forjaz of Runa," rejoined Cabreira, with feigned compassion.

"Elvira Forjaz, an enemy to our cause! By heavens! I cannot believe it. The niece of Dom Mem Forjaz cannot so far have forgotten herself. Did I hear you right, Dom Garcia?" asked the king, unwilling to believe what had been reported to him.

"Alas! my liege, you heard but too well; the proofs are unfortunately so clear as to preclude all doubt of her guilt."

"In sooth, this is foul news; nor can we bring our mind to an implicit belief until we have the evidence. But who are her associates?"

"Some of the people of Alcobaça; especially one Vasco Peres, a cooper," replied Valverde.

"We must hear this matter from point to point; for if you make good your words, something must be done to nip the evil in the bud. We are all ears, Dom Garcia."

"I must premise," said the slanderer, "by telling your highness that I am unable to define the full scope of this conspiracy; but that one exists and threatens danger to your crown, cannot be doubted, as I conceive it; but your better judgment, sire, will determine. It appears that Dona Elvira is engaged to be married to the constable's brother, Diogo Alvares."

"This is news to us," said the prince, interrupting him, and evincing much surprise.

"I have it from a reliable source, of which more anon. I was, moreover, informed that a regular correspondence is kept up between Diogo Alvares and Dona Elvira."

"This is strange," observed the king, thoughtfully; "did she not reject him some time ago? Methinks the constable told me as much."

"Indeed such was the fact, I believe. Yet, sire, with your good license, I would observe that it is no marvel to hear of change in woman; the best of them are subject to caprice; and the most inconsistent, unaccountable revolutions take place in their feelings, often spurring them on towards those on whom they had previously looked with abhorrence. However, this may be, subsequent facts seem to confirm the information I received. Having been assured that this correspondence did not run on love matters alone, but that the cause of Castile would probably derive much advantage therefrom, the suspicion was at once awakened in my mind that Dona Elvira, guided by the advice and persuasion of her lover, was secretly preparing the people of Alcobaça and the surrounding towns to give a friendly reception to Don Juan of Castile on his passage towards the capital, or may be to second him actively by suddenly rising against your Highness's authority as soon as the enemy were near enough to support them. This was the more to be feared, that it is well known that the influence of the Lady of Runa in the neighborhood is very great. Conceiving that the urgency of the moment warranted immediate action on my part, I made a sudden descent upon the quinta of Alcôa with a small guard, last night, to see if I could discover any clue to the suspected conspiracy. But being loth to deal harshly with a lady, and also for the purpose of keeping the matter from the knowledge of the people, I obtained a private interview with Dona Elvira, and proposed that she should retire for a time into the convent of Santa Maria de Coz, for I concluded that by quietly removing her from a place where she exercised such unbounded influence, she would have been deprived of all power of action."

"This was well thought of," said the king; "and just what every gallant knight, our commands not being to the contrary, would have done. Well, did she consent to go?"

"By no means, sire; she obstinately refused to move from the quinta. This convinced me the more that my suspicions were not unfounded; it was manifest that it did not suit her wicked purpose to become, as it were, debarred from her liberty, even for a short time, at this juncture. With the full conviction of her guilt, I ordered my men to bind all the varlets, then assembled in the vestibule, intending to search the house thoroughly; for had the menials, who were nearly as numerous as the soldiers, been left at liberty during the search, they might have found means to thwart us in our purpose. But your Highness will hardly give credit to my words when I say that the servants had scarcely been laid hold of, ere a large body of armed men, a score at least, hid in the interior of the house, suddenly rushed into the vestibule, and, falling like tigers upon your Highness's troops, taken completely unawares, dashed them to the ground, tying them hand and foot, while a few of the conspirators seized me."

"The ruffians!" exclaimed the king, with the utmost indignation, and springing from his seat, "did they dare lay violent hands on one of our captains, and handle our good soldiers in this rough manner? They might as well have done as much to us; for retribution shall be no less full and ample. And did you recognize these audacious plotters? for it is clear there must be some formidable conspiracy on foot, and that, little as I would have believed it with proof less convincing, Dona Elvira is either at its head, or party to it."

"The leader of those who attacked us was one Vasco Peres, a rich cooper; some of the others I made out to be his workmen, and the rest I infer to be also of Alcobaça. But it strikes me, my lord, that the real danger lies in Dona Elvira and this Vasco Peres; his companions seemed wholly submissive to his will, and I doubt me that they would take aught upon themselves if once deprived of their chief. I know something of this fellow; he is daring, cunning, with more intelligence than is usually found in those of his condition; but withal the veriest villain as yet unclaimed by the turnkey, and endowed with that desperate energy so apt to inspire courage in such as follow. He would prove a dangerous knave if permitted to roam at large."

"Why did you not commit him to prison?"

"How could I think of it at that time, sire, with scarce a dozen men at hand? Besides, as something must be determined in respect of Dona Elvira, I deemed it more prudent to come at once to your Highness, in order that, seeing fit, you might decide the fate of both without loss of time. Craving your Highness's pardon, I would suggest that by a vigorous and sudden stroke against the Lady of Runa and Vasco Peres, terror would dishearten the rest, and the plot would die of itself."

"This is well advised, my trusty friend; you shall have our royal warrant for the immediate arrest of this seditious cooper. Said you not he was rich?"

"So goes the report; in view of his mean station, he may well be called so," answered Cabreira.

"His property shall be forfeited, and made over to you, Dom Garcia, if you think it worth accepting."

Cabreira made a profound inclination, giving the king to understand that he accepted the royal bounty, and returned thanks for it.

"I am sorely embarrassed how to dispose of Dona Elvira," said the king, pacing the room in a perplexed mood; "I would not willingly, and without just and certain cause, be too harsh towards the niece of Dom Mem—and yet something ought needs to be done."

"Most assuredly, sire," suggested the artful Valverde; "the lady is still more dangerous than the cooper; for she would find some one else to take his place—there can be no doubt she is the life and soul of the plot, and receives her inspirations from Diogo Alvares."

"At so perilous a moment as the present, there is no alternative left," said Dom João, suddenly changing his tone for one of decision; "we will deliver you the warrant for her apprehension. Let her be confined in the castle of Alcobaça, omitting nought, however, conducive to her comfort. On your leaving the place, she will remain, until our further pleasure be known, in charge of the garrison belonging to the abbot."

"Your decision, sire, will be carried out to the letter ere half the day be spent; yet, if I might presume to offer an opinion, I should say that this would not result in a radical cure," said Cabreira, not altogether pleased with the turn matters were taking.

"How so? Speak, Dom Garcia; you have our license."

"Ere obeying you, sire, I make bold to say that if, by a little well-timed severity, you succeed in putting down all *internal* hostility against your crown, you would have nought to fear from other quarters; for if the King of Castile find no supporters near your person or among your people, his chances of success in the present contest are but very slight."

"'Tis thus we must speak to the troops," replied the king, with a gloomy smile; "for we should omit nothing calculated to keep them in good spirits. Be we, my good friend, know well that in this truth has been sacrificed, though for a holy purpose."

"Nay, sire," said Cabreira, "I am in earnest; for, in sooth, I do firmly believe that Castile is not so sure of victory as many suspect."

"Then you are strangely in the dark as to facts, Dom Garcia. We despatched Antaõ Vasques from Ourem to the Castilian camp with a challenge to the king, to meet us in single combat, inviting him to settle the dispute between ourselves, and thus avoid useless bloodshed; Antaõ Vasques returned last night, meeting us here, and brought a refusal. This we anticipated; in truth, the challenge was but a pretext, in order that our herald might have an opportunity of observing the strength of the enemy. The report that Antaõ Vasques brings us is by no means cheering; it confirms information previously received, and gives the Castilians at least four times as many fighting men as we can muster, all of them well armed and equipped. We have, however, directed that the troops be kept ignorant of the whole truth."

"And yet, with your Highness's good leave, I will still venture to stand by my assertion," replied Cabreira, with respectful assurance.

"Explain yourself, Dom Garcia; have you reason to doubt the accuracy of Antaõ Vasques' account?"

"By no means, sire; he stated that which he saw; but appearances often deceive. My view of the case is founded upon inference."

"Pray you make this clear to me."

"It was but yesterday," replied Cabreira, "I spoke with one fresh from Leiria; and, not his statement about the Castilian army, but the business that brought him, convinced me that the enemy's strength is more assumed than real."

"And who was this? One of the people of Leiria?"

"Nay, my lord; he is a staunch partisan of Castile."

"And how came you to hold converse with one of that sort?"

"Because he sent to request an interview."

"Ah! and for what purpose?" asked Dom João, his brow darkening.

"To draw me over to the enemy, and induce me to betray your Highness," replied Cabreira, with perfect composure.

"Say you so?" cried the king, startled; "but you have the fellow safe in irons?"

"No, sire; he was allowed to return."

"You were wrong in this, Dom Garcia. If one or two of such as come to tamper so unscrupulously with my friends, were forthwith thrown into a dungeon, it would deter others from following the same course."

"Craving your pardon, my liege, I fear not to predict that your Highness's service will gain more by what I did."

"How so?" asked the King.

"Don Juan of Castile proposed my joining his cause, and offered me the constable's estates, which he means to confiscate."

"Our brother makes too sure of the game, and in this there lies something of promise for us. Of course you rejected the offer with indignation?"

"I accepted, sire," replied Cabreira quietly.

"You accepted, traitor!" exclaimed the King, startled at so unexpected an answer; but he immediately added in another tone: "you jest, Dom Garcia."

"I was jesting yesterday, my lord; but in your presence a jest would be out of place," replied Cabreira in the same quiet manner; "I pretended to seize the bait with avidity. I adopted this course the more readily, because, the understanding being that I should pass over to the enemy during the action, I immediately perceived the advantage that would accrue to us from their depending upon a move, which I meant should never take place."

The king eyed his vassal with a deep, penetrating look, as if to test the sincerity of these words; but the latter stood the gaze with unruffled composure: his countenance gave not the slightest token of trouble or confusion. The prince seemed satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, and he said half jestingly:

"We could not afford to see you in the ranks arrayed against us, fair sir; your uncommon merits are too well known to us. But, in truth, your loyalty and good faith being quite as well known and implicitly trusted, we make no doubt but that this device of yours will work well, and prove beneficial in the end."

"Your Highness has no more trustworthy and loyal servant in the kingdom," said the hypocrite; "and you will grant I was right in asserting that you had less to fear from the invading army than its numbers might warrant—the attempt of Castile to bribe your Highness's vassals betrays weakness. But there is more peril in such as conspire in our midst."

"There is something in this," replied the king, after a little reflection; "and yet we must not depend too much on such vague inference. But, to return, you were about to make some comment upon our decision touching Dona Elvira Forjaz."

"Sire, wealth is the foundation of power and influence, and a most dangerous weapon in the hands of such as are evilly disposed; when we would render the serpent harmless without crushing his head, we draw the fangs containing the venom, which alone gives him power to do harm. Most assuredly neither Dona Violante Affonso nor the Countess Dona Maria were more blameworthy than Dona Elvira Forjaz; and I think I may claim to be held as faithful a vassal of your Highness as Vasco Martins de Mello."

That the reader may apprehend the full bearing of these words, and thereby form some notion of the amount of assurance possessed by Cabreira in giving so broad a hint, it is well to remark that the estates of the two ladies alluded to had been confiscated a few months before, on account of their having taken part in conspiracies against Dom João, the latter being at the time invested merely with the title of protector; and that those estates had been given to Vasco Martins de Mello, one of his staunch adherents.

The king made no immediate reply; he fixed his eye upon Cabreira, looking like one who is astonished and ashamed at what he has just heard, while the curling of his lip bespoke a mixture of contempt. But, while conscious of the insatiable covetousness of some of those that surrounded him, and estimating such vile sentiments at their real value, Dom João was aware that his crown was still too insecure to allow him to incur the risk of offending these interested supporters of his cause. His policy was, on the contrary, to give them a personal interest in its triumph, by stripping his opponents of their wealth and bestowing it on those who would be of most service to him. A system of this kind, adhered to in the midst of general disorder, when the respect for law was at its lowest ebb, did not admit of too much nicety in sifting facts, whence would naturally follow some, if not many, instances of crying injustice and undeserved suffering.

"You are right, cavalleiro," said the king, repressing his incipient feelings of disgust; "it is but just that those who are so much taken up with Castile go seek new fortunes there; and that such as prove *faithful* to us, receive something more than verbal acknowledgements. We shall therefore confiscate the estates of Runa, and they will be fairly bestowed on one so brave and loyal as yourself."

"My liege lord," replied the double-faced Cabreira, "in your bounty, as in every thing else, you are prompted by a magnanimous soul; it was most gracious in your Highness to think of your poor servant. I am conscious that my past services had no right to look for so splendid a guerdon; but I dare hope to render the disparity less glaring by my future conduct.

"Think you not, Dom Garcia, that we are as liberal in rewarding our friends as our brother of Castile?" asked Dom João with a significant smile.

"You not only show yourself greater in this, my liege; but also in your mode of warfare; for you spurn the cowardly and insidious policy adopted by Don Juan of Castile, of seeking to bribe a foe."

The lord of Valverde had played a deperate game, and though he had gained one of his points, and was pretty sure of proving successful in the second object for which he was contending—which was to blunt the edge of the tool whereby the monk might have worked his ruin—yet he was not quite reassured but that he had raised an unfavorable impression in the king's mind. Whatever might be his supicions touching the sincerity of his vassal, it was nevertheless certain that Dom João was persuaded that he would henceforth depend upon the loyalty of one whose services were in that conjuncture of the greatest importance to him.

In little more than an hour aftewards, Cabreira was on his way back to Alcobaça, furnished with the two royal decrees whereby Elvira and Vasco Peres were to be cut off from their worldly goods.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Love and a cough cannot be hid."

About noon of the same day, the greater part of the coopers were assembled in the workshop, waiting for the rest to arrive, prior to their departure for Alcôa, when Braz Martinz, who was seated upon a barrel at one of the doors, cried out:

"Here comes a crowd headed by the alcaide and *your friend*, Dom Garcia," and as he spoke he turned his eyes upon Vasco.

"What can this mean?" said the latter, as he came to the door, and looked in the direction indicated by Braz.

While those in the shop were making various conjectures as to the import of this unexpected visit—for it was evident its destination could be none other than the premises of Vasco Peres, there being no habitation in the intermediate space and none beyond the shop—the procession marched on at a slow pace. The alcaide—a stout, self-important-looking personage, arrayed in his robes of office—walked on with a measured step, a solemn face and an air of dignity. On his right hand was the Lord of Valverde, mounted on his charger, and followed by a guard of armed men, while a number of townsfolk came in throngs behind, giving a loose rein to their busy tongues and wondering what business the magistrate could have to transact at the cooper's.

On reaching the shop, in front of which Vasco and his people were now collected in a group, Cabreira halted, and drawing from his belt a roll of parchment, handed it to the alcaide, saying:

"Senhor Alcaide, be pleased to read this *alvará*, that all present may know in virtue of what authority we act."

In the midst of breathless silence, the faces of all present, except the military, bearing visible marks of anxiety, the alcaide unrolled the document and began to read aloud:

"'I, the king, make known unto all those to whom these presents may be shown, that having duly considered what has been reported to me by Dom Garcia de Cabreira, Lord of Valverde, my faithful and much esteemed vassal, and being satisfied as to the fact that Vasco Peres, a cooper residing in the village of Alcobaça, is deeply implicated in treasonable plots——'"

"Infamy! calumny! 'tis false!" was the impetuous cry raised by all the coopers, except Vasco, who remained calm and collected in the midst of the wild gesticulations of his companions.

"Silence! beware of your words: this is an *alvará* of His Highness," said the alcaide, solemn-

ly, pointing to the document; when, having attained silence, he resumed: "'in treasonable plots, conspiring against my royal person, and abetting and aiding the enemies of his king and country, am pleased to declare said Vasco Peres traitor and rebel, and do hereby command the said Dom Garcia de Cabreira to take possession of his body and keep it in close custody to await our further pleasure——'"

"The king has been deceived," exclaimed Braz, at the full pitch of his voice.

"Vasco Peres is a loyal subject," added several other voices.

"Peace, friends," said Vasco, endeavoring to restrain the indignation of the coopers; "these outbursts of passion will in no manner avail for my advantage, and will only bring you into trouble. None better than that depraved and heartless man," and Vasco pointed to Cabreira, "know my innocence. Senhor Alcaide, you shall not be interrupted again in the performance of your duty."

"'I am pleased, moreover,'" continued the alcaide, reading from the document, "'in consideration of the great services I have received and expect for the future to receive from the said Dom Garcia de Cabreira, to give and grant unto him and the heirs of his body for ever and without reserve all the goods and chattels, real and personal estate of the said traitor and rebel, Vasco Peres; and the present *alvará* shall have full force and effect as if it had been a sentence passed in the competent tribunal. Given at Porto-de-Moz, this 12th day of August, in the era of Cæsar, 1423.'"

"Upon the authority of which I do here arrest thee, Vasco Peres," said Cabreira.

"Shame! shame!" cried many of those in the crowd which had come from the village.

"None shall lay a finger on our master," said many of the coopers, clustering around Vasco, and looking defiantly at the soldiers.

"Is this, then, the king in whose cause we spill our blood?" said Braz Martinz, with great vehemence; "can it be that the prince round whom we are rallying consents to despoil his people, most foully calumniated, in order to enrich his greedy nobles? I do not believe it; the alvará is false; we are imposed upon."

"'Tis a fraud! 'tis a fraud!" added the coopers, in chorus.

"You see, my friends," said Cabreira, addressing the crowd, who kept a dogged silence, and gave unmistakable though mute signs of disapprobation, being deterred by the presence of the troops from expressing their feelings more forcibly; "you see, my friends! what further proof is needed? Vasco Peres is at the head of the gang, but these men are no less traitors than he. They refuse obedience to the king's mandate, because they are sold to the Castilians."

"'Tis a lie! Viva Dom João I., our chosen king," vociferated the coopers, thus repelling this public imputation.

"Give thyself up, Vasco Peres, or force shall be employed to take thee out of the hands of this mutinous rabble," said Cabreira, in a threatening voice.

"Go not; we'll stand by you, master," said Gil.

"They shall not touch you," added the others.

"Nay, my good friends," said Vasco, "nay, this must not be; let us show respect and obedience to the royal commands. God knows I am innocent, yet I blame not His Highness, for he has been grossly deceived; but this is no reason why we should attempt to resist his will. Make way, my lads; let me pass. Senhor Cavalleiro," continued he, coming forward and placing himself between some soldiers who had advanced a few steps, "Senhor Cavalleiro, despite your foul-tongued accusation, you will never find in me a promoter of sedition: I am your prisoner. Friends," added he, turning to the indignant coopers, "keep your wrath within bounds; be calm. The loss of one man can be of no vital consequence: husband your strength and spirits for a better occasion; they will soon be wanted. The Castilians are advancing; prepare yourselves to meet them in defence of the throne and our country. Meanwhile be silent; utter not a word: to the charge so wantonly advanced by this knight, you must have but one answer; not by voice, though: let the vigor of your arms respond thereto. In the hour of battle you must show your king whether you are false or true to him. Till then——"

But the sentence was left unfinished; for Cabreira, being displeased with Vasco's speech and aware that his own conduct had brought him into obloquy with all present, excepting his men-at-arms, had given the signal for the latter to march.

"Senhor Dom Garcia," said the alcaide, "will you not take formal possession at once?"

"Nay, Senhor Alcaide, there is no leisure for this now; I will meet you, with the number of witnesses required by law, later in the day, when there is no crowd about. Now, be pleased to repair to the quinta of Alcôa; but alone; and see that these people remain ignorant of your destination: we can dispense with such a troublesome concourse. I shall meet you there in an hour, when you will know why your presence was needed."

Cabreira had spoken these words in an undertone, and, as he concluded, he hastened to rejoin the guard, who were marching away with Vasco Peres. The latter was led to the castle and cast into a dungeon, wherein only a few feeble rays found admittance through a small grated window, or rather loophole, placed high up near the vaulted ceiling.

The prisoner had passed several dreary hours in this gloomy abode; scarcely any light now made its way through the opening, showing that the shadows of evening were rapidly advancing, when the grating of the iron bolts and the sound of the key turning in its lock fell upon his ear, attracting his attention to the door, upon the threshold of which appeared the figure of a female.

"O, how dark and dismal! Vasco! Vasco!"

"Violante! thou here!" cried the prisoner, hastening to embrace his sister, whose voice he had recognized, and who, being unaccustomed to the obscurity of the prison, saw no more at first than if she had been blind. "This is a delight I scarcely dared hope for," continued he, pressing the slender form of the maiden to his bosom. "The lady Dona Elvira, how didst thou leave her, sister?"

"Alas!"

"Alas! what meanest thou? Speak, in the name of Heaven!" cried Vasco, vehemently.

"Ask me not, Vasco; O! the doleful day!"

"Violante, as thou lovest me, I conjure thee to relieve my apprehension. What has happened to that saint of goodness?"

"A most terrible misfortune."

"*Santo Deus!* is she dead?" asked Vasco, in a voice of anguish.

"Nay, brother, she fares well as far as health goes."

"God be praised! But tell me what has occurred," said Vasco, greatly relieved.

"She is a prisoner, like thee."

"A prisoner!"

"But this is not the worst; like thee she is a beggar."

"A beggar! a prisoner!" echoed Vasco, as if bewildered, and unable to realize what he heard.

"Ay, and in virtue of the king's warrant. I'll tell thee all about it, brother."

"Do, Violante; I fear me there is in this the hand of that demon, Cabreira; it savors much of his diabolical villainy."

"Listen, Vasco: the sun was something better than an hour on its downward course towards the west; all was ready at Alcoa for our departure, and we were expecting thy coming from one moment to another, when to our surprise the alcaide made his appearance quite unaccompanied. To my lady's repeated inquiries touching this unlooked-for visit, the alcaide only answered that he had no information to give, having been directed to repair thither on business unknown to himself, but that ere long she, as well as himself, would know more about it."

"Did he not make mention of the manner I had been treated?" asked Vasco.

"Not a word upon the subject passed his lips. In less than an hour the lord of Valverde arrived at the quinta with a guard of soldiers."

"This I looked for; who but he would figure in such a game?" exclaimed Vasco.

"She whom I now delight in calling my noble mistress, began to tremble violently, and her lovely cheeks assumed a waxen hue; at the sight of her abhorred persecutor, she foresaw that nought but evil was in store for her. The senhora was summoned to the vestibule, where the ominous Cabreira, the alcaide, the soldiers, and many of those belonging to the household, were assembled. Dom Garcia handed a scroll to the magistrate, bidding him to read it. By this document the poor lady, who is as innocent and harmless as the lamb that frisks and gambols in the meadow, was charged with treason, the whole of her estates confiscated, and she to be held as a state's prisoner."

"O villainy! O atrocity past endurance!" cried Vasco, carried away by the intensity of his indignation.

"But perhaps the most abominable feature in this case, and of a piece with what has befallen thee, is that her estates and entire property have been made over to the perfidious Cabreira, who, there and then, took formal possession of Alcoa from the hands of the alcaide."

"Mark me, Violante," said Vasco, in a convulsive voice, his teeth firmly set, his eyes flashing, his whole frame in commotion from the tumult of his feelings, "till this moment have I wished well to Dom João, and quaffed damnations to his enemies; even a while ago, when stript of all I had in the world, and cast into this horrible dungeon, like a criminal of the blackest dye, did I lift up prayers in behalf of his cause, attribute the wrong which I now suffer to calumny, and enjoin my men to adhere to him. But this outrageous oppression and spoliation of a defenceless lady pass all the bounds of sufferance; a prince who goes this length, and shows such want of all sense of justice, is not worth the shedding of one drop of the humblest blood in the kingdom. From this day I forswear thee, tyrant!"

"Hush, Vasco," said Violante; "be not too hasty. The king must be sore beset by many cares, and we should believe that he has not leisure to scrutinize accurately all the cases presented for his decision. I would fain believe that hereafter, when the truth has found its way to his ear, he will reverse this iniquitous sentence, and punish him who has so foully deceived his sovereign."

"And how did the poor lady bear this cruel stroke of fortune?" asked Vasco, somewhat appeased by his sister's words.

"With more fortitude than I could have anticipated. At first she indignantly repelled the charge brought against her, and spoke in strong terms to the villainous lord of Valverde; but when the latter, with feigned compassion, deplored the commission entrusted to him, and hoped the senhora would make no resistance, as his orders were peremptory, she became terrified, saying that she cared nought for the loss of wealth, but requested to be allowed to remain at liberty or be sent to the king, but not shut up at the mercy of her persecutor. On finding that no hope remained, she cast a searching, half confident look around, saying to me, in a whisper, 'I am sure of it, Vasco will find means to save me; O, if he does, he shall have more than my friendship.' 'Alas, lady!' said I, 'what would it avail that a humble cooper should strive against the royal will?' and when Dom Garcia approached her with a low bow, offering her his hand to lead her forth, she clung to me, exclaiming almost franticly, 'To my help, Vasco! 'tis time, 'tis time!' 'No hope lies that way,' said Cabreira, with a malicious smile; 'Vasco Peres, your colleague in treachery, has suffered the penalty of his crime.' 'Good Heaven! they have murdered him,' cried she, turning still paler than she was, and supporting herself against the wall—'Assassin! where is my brother?' exclaimed I, mad with grief, while rushing up to Cabreira and seizing him by the arm. 'Oh, be reassured on that score; our magnanimous king has dealt leniently with him; he is only in prison,' replied he. Although well nigh fainting myself from the shock, I had to fly to the assistance of the lady Dona Elvira, who seemed on the point of falling, but I was forestalled by Dom Garcia, who caught her in his arms. The contact of the heartless villain instinctively roused her sinking energies. 'Touch me not, base man!' screamed she, tearing herself from him. Then, after a moment's pause, and seeming to collect herself, she said, 'I yield me prisoner at His Highness's command, but I I call on all of you to bear witness to my words: This man,' continued she, pointing to Cabreira, 'this man has persecuted me with his abhorred love, he has attempted to bear me off violently from beneath my own roof, and, after confessing that he deemed me innocent.' 'Yes,' said Dom Garcia, breaking in upon her speech; 'yes, before I was aware that Vasco Peres and his band of traitors were in your house.' 'They were here to defend me, because they knew of the outrage thou wert bent on, vile slanderer!' returned Dona Elvira. 'Peace, lady; the guilty never want excuses to cover their real doings,' said Cabreira. 'Be this as it may,' she rejoined with dignity, thinking it useless to continue the dispute, 'yet bear in mind, all of you, that I have cause to dread that once in the custody of this man, he will attempt to do me some bodily harm.' 'Lady,' cried he, interrupting her, and trembling with suppressed rage, while his face reddened and his lips quivered; 'lady, you do me wrong, as time will show; but that all your apprehensions may cease once for all, I do here most solemnly swear that so long as you remain in my charge, you shall never once be troubled with my presence.' '*Thy oath hath been heard and recorded; beware, lord of Valverde!*' said a strange voice, in a hollow, dismal tone, as if some unearthly spirit had spoken. The sound came from the door in the middle, which till then had remained closed; the eyes of every one turned that way, and who thinkest thou stood there? the monk."

"What, frei Lopo?" exclaimed Vasco, surprised.

"The same; for I am convinced it could be no other, though his face was again concealed, this time by his cape, for he wore no cloak or cowl.

"Verily, he is a most mysterious and seemingly ubiquitary being," observed Vasco; "he is everywhere in the nick of time; appears to know all that's going on, and what falls upon others with the suddenness of a thunder-clap, is ever foreseen by him. And yet he is nothing more than a monk of Alcobaça; of this we can no longer doubt."

"Why so, brother?"

"Because this morning I went to see him at the monastery, more from curiosity than otherwise. On my inquiring whether frei Lopo dos Santos was within and would be seen, frei Bernardo started off in the direction of the cloister in search of him, and returned soon after with the identical monk who did us such good service yesterday. But tell me, Violante, what happened on his unexpected appearance to-day at Alcoa?"

"Our eyes were no sooner turned upon him," said Violante, resuming her narrative, "than he drew back, slamming the door in our faces. ''Tis the infernal monk,' cried Dom Garcia, starting forward; 'hasten after him, my lads; bring him back alive or dead. The man who first lays hands on him shall have five gold pieces.'"

"Was he caught?" asked Vasco, anxiously.

"No, he escaped; more than half an hour was spent in searching for him; every room was ransacked, every nook and corner inspected, but in vain."

"God be praised! I knew our men would keep their promise," said Vasco, with satisfaction.

"The senhora was anxious during the pursuit, remarking, however, in an undertone, that if the secret of the passage had not been divulged, they might look all day for the monk without finding him. Ever since the apparition, Dona Elvira has shown more resignation, and when we parted, she told me she entertained hopes of soon regaining her liberty, whereas the lord of Valverde could not conceal his trouble, and a dark scowl sat upon his brow for some time. He endeavored to prevail upon us to give the name of the monk, but we both pretended ignorance."

"And where is the senhora now? in the castle?"

"Yes; every comfort has been provided for her, but she is kept a close prisoner in her room. Despite her entreaties, I was not suffered to keep her company, and a strange woman attends upon her. It was even with the greatest difficulty I succeeded in obtaining admittance to thee."

"O, this is infamous treatment, poor lady. And thou, child, what is to become of thee, now that thy brother has no longer a home for thee?" said Vasco, tenderly, taking both his sister's hands in his.

"Oh, have no concern about me; I have found shelter in Braz Martinz's; it was from him I learnt what occurred to thee this morning."

"Then I am tranquil on this score; but the lady, the lady," said Vasco, in great distress, "I tremble at the thought of her being in the power of that villain; I'd give the last drop of my life's blood to place her beyond his reach." A moment's pause followed these words, when Vasco resumed, "Ah, Violante, thou little dreamest of the wonderful change that has come over me within a few short hours."

"Nor is it strange, brother, it should be so, seeing the misfortune that has so suddenly overtaken us."

"Nay, there is another cause. I had almost wished I had never seen Dona Elvira."

"Speak not thus, Vasco; wouldst thou have had her perish in the stream, or fall a victim to this demon, who, I believe, dare not now offer her any injury after what has occurred."

"True, that was selfish in me," said Vasco, recovering from a momentary distraction that had come upon him; "but it was not the loss of my property or my liberty that caused me to utter that unworthy wish, though even then my lips and my heart did not agree. Sweet sister, I have ever trusted thee, and it is not now I would change a rule of which I have never had occasion to repent me. Formerly I was tranquil and contented with my lot, but since the hour I saved the drowning lady of Runa, I have never known one moment's calm. Strange, unaccountable emotions have made my bosom heave beyond its wonted pulsation, and one thought alone has engrossed my mind and filled it, now with visions of delight, now with visions of desolate despair. Once was I proud of what I had attained by the labor of my hands, but now, shame on me! I have known myself to sigh and long for a few drops of noble blood, that I might do that which, as it is, men say I have no right to do—cast my looks upon Dona Elvira. But away! these are unworthy thoughts, the offspring of momentary frenzy, for I do assure thee, Violante, that I would spurn the hand of the woman, were it offered, from whose lips I might hear one word tending to ridicule my birth."

"Thou lovest the lady, Vasco," remarked Violante softly, but in a tone of regret.

"Love her! from my inmost heart, with my whole soul!—but alas! were I at liberty, were she not a prisoner, I should be as miserable as I am now. I would needs have to stifle my feelings, and shun her sight for ever, that I might endeavor to regain some of that peace of mind which I have lost. I would not have her acquainted with my present state; it might banish from her heart the friendship she has confessed for her preserver; she might despise me, and then I should despise her—perhaps; for, in truth, I know not that I could bring my heart to do this, *now*—I would simply pity her. But, waiving this, now that she has lost station and wealth, nothing would induce me to intrude upon her, for this were base and cowardly."

"Be of good cheer, Vasco; she will never contemn thee, even were she to hear of this mad love of thine."

"My heart bids me believe that she would not feel *contempt* for me, Violante; but I dare not hope she would give ear to my protestations. These nobles, however benevolent some may be, are all of one mind with regard to the immense distance between themselves and our class: their eyes never lose sight of the immovable barrier, and by constant practice they endeavor to school our sight into seeing the same."

"It is no doubt so; but I'll venture to assert that Senhora Dona Elvira, while possessed of self-respect and expecting to receive from others that which is her due, has none of that overweening pride and haughtiness which only imposes on the weak minded."

"I grant this; and yet I cannot believe that she is entirely free from the prejudices of her class. If they have not yet been made patent to us, it is because they have not yet been roused. But they smoulder, rest assured; they are like burning coals beneath the ashes: stir them not and all goes well."

"Listen, Vasco," said Violante, gently; "I cannot give thee hope, nor does it behove thee to cherish any such expectations as might give joy to thy sick heart; but I can tell thee that which may induce thee to recall some of the harsh words thou hast uttered. Yesterday, after our arrival at Alcôa from Alcobaça, and when thou wert gone the senhora spoke to me in such glowing terms of the service thou hadst rendered her, and with such earnestness of her gratitude, as to leave no doubt upon my mind of her sincerity. She talked much of thee; she questioned me closely about thee and thy affairs, and seemed to listen with pleasure when I related to her by what means thou hadst risen from poverty to comfort, when I mentioned thy tender care for me or spoke of thy noble character, which I made clear to her by repeating several incidents of thy past. But since last night's adventure, her partiality towards thee appears to have increased considerably. When we left thee and thy companions at supper time, I prevailed upon the lady to seek some repose; and she fell into a restless slumber, while I sat by the bed. It was not long before she gave signs of dreaming, and I assure thee that I heard thy name pronounced more than once by her sweet lips."

"Dost thou speak the truth, Violante?" exclaimed Vasco, with eager joy; "oh, could I but believe it! But no, it cannot be," continued he, despondingly; "this proves nought—she was, perhaps, calling me to her aid in some peril, which her fancy pictured to her mind—that was all," and the young man allowed his head to fall violently in his hands, while his elbows rested on his knees.

"It might have been so, Vasco; and yet, methinks it was not so," said Violante, in a gentle, sweet-toned whisper, throwing one of her arms around her brother's neck, whilst uncovering his face with the other hand; "her intonation was music itself; there was no terror or anxiety in her look; but I noted the happy smile, as it hovered about the beautiful mouth of the sleeper."

At this moment the turning of the heavy key in the lock made Violante pause in her recital, and roused Vasco from the ecstacy in which he had been for the last few seconds.

"Come, maiden; you have been here long enough," said the jailer, in a gruff voice.

"O, grant another minute! only one moment!" cried Vasco, fervently, for reasons which the reader will easily guess.

"Not a second; she has already been here beyond her time," replied the jailer, doggedly.

"Can she come again?" asked Vasco, appealingly.

"'Tis not I that command; my care is to obey orders."

"Dearest sister, try and come soon," said the prisoner.

"I'll leave no saint unsued till my prayer be granted; trust to this, Vasco. Indeed, I had much to say to thee about thyself; but this is denied me now," replied Violante, while Vasco felt the warm drops from her eyes fall upon his hand.

The next moment the cooper found himself alone; but this time his heart was not so sad, though he became still more absorbed in thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XLV.

My brain, more busy than the laboring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. Parfit was one of those men to whom the love of gold clings like a leprosy. Had millions been pressed into his coffers, he would have pined for more. Money was his god; he had made an idol of it, and offered at the polluted shrine the costliest sacrifice—sweet peace of mind, self-respect, truthfulness, and honor—immolated the ties of kindred and natural affection; acted the hypocrite; made his whole life one hideous lie, for no other pleasure than augmenting a (to him) useless store—for he had no enjoyment of his wealth beyond counting the glittering heap, and recoiled from no deed, however vile, that secured the unrighteous possession of it.

The place to which he directed his steps was the "Flower-in-Hand," one of those well-known dens of crime which formerly existed in the Mint—the rendezvous of the depraved and outcast of either sex, from the flash highwayman and burglar to the petty larceny rogue and pickpocket—the fashionably well-dressed woman, who passed the notes forged by her paramour, to the girl of tender years, just entering on a course of vice, who came to dispose of the plunder her apprentice-admirer had robbed his master of, to some receiver, ready to transact business at any hour or to any amount, from a service of plate to a single teaspoon—a diamond necklace to a simple wedding-ring.

Had the house been built for the purpose of receiving the outcasts who frequented it, it could not have been more suitably constructed. The first room, in which were a row of common deal tables, was devoted to novices and casual customers; the second one, in front of the bar, to those who had already given pledge, by their violation of the laws of society, that they were steadily advancing in the hierarchy of crime; and a third one, through the bar, to its celebrities—its approved leaders.

Nothing could be better contrived to baffle the ends of justice. "The temple," as the last apartment was named, communicated with a labyrinth of courts, by which, on the first alarm, the more distinguished guests of the "Flower-in-Hand" might escape.

Amongst other profitable investments, Mr. Parfit had purchased this den of crime, which brought him no inconsiderable revenue—the landlord, Minton Jack, paying an exorbitant rental.

To all but his tenant, the person of the money-lender was unknown.

The appearance of a stranger in front of the bar caused no little sensation amongst the guests. Curious and threatening glances were cast on him. Solomons, the dealer, dropped the massive gold chain he was bargaining for with a well-dressed, dissipated-looking youth—doubtless some city apprentice—into the pot of ale upon the table before them, and raised it to his lips, winking to the dupe, as he pretended to drink.

"Jack," shouted a morose, sullen-looking man, "is the clock right?"

This was to call the attention of the landlord to the intruder.

"*To a minute*," replied the host, opening the door of the bar to admit the stranger.

"Kaffer cully," muttered one.

"Free of the ken," said another.

"All right!" exclaimed the dealer, fishing the chain from the pot of ale.

In other words, the frequenters of the "Flower-in-Hand" felt assured they had nothing to fear from the presence of Mr. Parfit amongst them.

"Vel," continued Solomons, renewing his examination of the chain, "there is a risk; and it aint more than twelve carat."

"Eighteen!" replied the youth; "I am sure of it."

The dealer shook his head.

"I ought to know! I——"

The tyro in crime paused; he was about to add that he helped to make it.

"Twelve, I tell yer," repeated the dealer. "I'll bet the vally it aint more than twelve; *Randil and Gensell shall test it!*"

The young man turned fearfully pale. The speaker had named his employers.

"I can't wait for that," he said, trying to conceal his embarrassment; "I am pressed for the money, and must take the eight guineas."

"Pounds," interrupted the purchaser.

"Well, pounds be it."

Eight sovereigns were counted down to him, not quite a third of the value of the article. The youth, who bid fair to illustrate the "Newgate Calendar" with his name, pocketed the price of his dishonesty, and shortly afterwards rose to quit the house.

"*I could give a good price for diamonds!*" whispered the dealer, placing a dirty hand, glittering with rings, upon his arm.

"I will see what can be done," replied the thief.

"Bring 'em on Monday?"

The young man nodded, and tempter and tempted separated.

"This way," said Minton Jack, opening a door at the back part of the bar; "mind, there are three steps, sir; all straight afterwards."

"Is he here?" demanded Mr. Parfit.

"Waiting the last hour for you, sir."

The money-lender advanced cautiously along the narrow passage, and pushing open a second door of green baize, found himself in the very sanctum of the "Flower-in-Hand;" an exceedingly small room, or rather closet, in which a tall, wiry man of about fifty was seated smoking his pipe, a glass of brandy and water before him.

It was the person he had appointed to meet there.

The fellow was a mountebank, well known in the northern counties of England by the name of Thief Wilton; some called him Gentleman Wilton, on account of the excellent education he had received, comprising the knowledge of several languages. Of his place of birth, family, and early life, little or nothing was known. He never spoke of them, and when questioned on the subject replied only by a cynical laugh. For the rest, he was one of the coolest rascals in existence—sharper, smasher, house-breaker, highwayman, by turns—and had more narrow escapes from justice than half the heroes whose names have been handed down to posterity through the medium of the "Newgate Calendar."

The writer recollects to have seen him when a boy, hunted like a wild fox through the fair at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he had been detected cheating. At the time we are about to introduce him to our readers he was the proprietor of a small travelling menagerie.

Without rising from his chair, Wilton pointed to his visitor to take a seat, and pushed the brandy and water towards him.

"Thank you," said Mr. Parfit, "I never drink when engaged on business."

"Right! quite right!" exclaimed the mountebank, in a theatrical tone. "Wine, as the immortal bard expresses it, stealeth away the senses; in other words, loosens the tongue, gives utterance to thoughts we would disguise. I am not a prudent man myself—never have been; but I admire prudence in others. Allow me," he continued, with an ironical smile, "to compliment you upon your make-up."

"Upon my what?" demanded the money-lender.

"Your make-up. It is really excellent, artistic, especially the wig."

"Are you the gentleman the landlord appointed to meet me here?" said Mr. Parfit, who began to suspect that the speaker was not quite in his right senses.

"The very man—

'Who, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name,'"

replied Mr. Wilton, quoting from young Norval—one of his favorite characters when engaged in the acting line.

"Mad!" muttered his visitor, looking very much bewildered; "quite mad!"

"You are wrong, my dear sir," said the stroller, seizing him by the arm, and making a terrific face, *à la* Meg Merriles—

"'I have been imprisoned for mad, scourged for mad,
Banished for mad, but mad I am not.'"

"Jack!" shouted the money-lender, calling to the host of the "Flower-in-Hand;" "Jack!"

"You need not alarm yourself," interrupted Mr. Wilton; "I took you for one of the fraternity; a brother of the sock and buskin. The excellence of your make-up deceived me. I shall offend no more. I perceive you have no soul for poetry," he added; "so we'll leave Shakspere, Hume, Scott—muddy-pated rascals, who have no ideas of business—and descend to serious prose. Will that content you?"

"If you please."

"You have a proposal to make to me?"

"I had a proposal."

"'Speak, I am bound to hear.' There, again! Can't get over the habit of quoting. Shan't occur any more—pray proceed. You require a heavy make-up—a serious villain. I am the man ready to pawn my immortal jewel—*Anglicé*, soul—to the fiend himself for a handful of that yellow dross called gold. What is it you require of me—murder? Speak plainly with me; Minton will tell you I may be relied on."

"Murder!" repeated Mr. Parfit, slowly, "no. Although I would give three hundred pounds to hear the boy, whom I propose confiding to your care, were dead, I would not have his blood upon my conscience."

"Conscience!" repeated the mountebank, in an ironical tone; "but we will not cavil for words—prudence and conscience frequently express the same idea. And so you would give three hundred pounds to hear of his death?"

"Yes, gladly, very gladly."

"Three hundred! I should not be surprised if you heard of it," replied the fellow, coolly.

"My intention," continued the money-lender, "is to place him in your charge, upon condition that you remove him from this country to Ireland, where the landlord informs me you intend travelling with your menagerie."

Wilton nodded in the affirmative.

"He may prove an attraction," added the speaker; "he is a dwarf."

"When will you bring him to me?"

"In the morning; meet me here."

"Life, sir—life, as the poet says, is uncertain," observed the stroller, musingly; "and, in the event of anything fatal occuring to my interesting pupil—I think we had better call him pupil—and it should be my painful task to communicate with his friends, where can I hear of them?"

Mr. Parfit rung the bell, which was answered almost immediately by the landlord in person. In fact, no servant was ever allowed to penetrate into the sanctum where the speakers had been conversing.

"Jack," said the money-lender, "this gentleman has undertaken the care of the boy I spoke to you about. He is to have a hundred pounds down with him; he agreed to that, you told me, before I came?"

"Quite right, sir."

"In the event of the lad's death," continued the hypocrite, "you know we must provide for contingencies—I am to pay three hundred for the loss of his services."

Villain as he was, the landlord of the "Flower-in-Hand" could scarcely conceal his surprise at this all but plain avowal of the speaker's wishes.

"Will you be my security?"

"For three thousand, for the matter of that," answered the man. "Wilton knows me, he will take my word."

"What would you consider proof?" inquired the mountebank, thoughtfully.

"That I leave to you and Jack," replied Mr. Parfit, who felt that it would not be prudent to enter into further details; "satisfy him, and you will satisfy me."

Having completed the iniquitous compact, the

money-lender took his leave. Wilton would have followed, but the landlord darted between him and the door.

"An hour's start," he said; "it was agreed upon."

"I'd give five pounds to discover his name and address," observed the stroller.

"Ten would not purchase either one or the other."

"You know him, Jack?"

The host of the "Flower-in-Hand" made no reply; but sitting himself in a position to prevent the egress of his guest, quietly lit a pipe which he took from the table, and commenced smoking.

"I suppose he is rich?"

"I am not such an ass as to go security for a poor man," observed the landlord, quietly; "and now, Wilton, ask me no more questions. I don't care about lying to you, and I dare not answer you."

"But one word—the money?"

"Safe as the Bank of England," was the reply.

Life never appears so redolent of enjoyment as when we rise for the first time from the bed of illness, and find ourselves once more face to face with Nature. With what a smile she welcomes us! how keen a perception of her beauty rushes on the heart, which fills to overflowing. We revel in existence! and with every breath of pure, sweet air, so different from the close, stifling atmosphere of the sick-chamber, feel that we inhale fresh strength; our souls expand with gratitude, and our thoughts are gradually lifted up towards Him whose mercy has vouchsafed a renewed lease of time, increased length of days.

These and similar sensations crowded the heart and brain of the poor dwarf, till pleasure became almost painful from its intensity, as he wandered through the meadows at the back of the dairy—happy as some child who unexpectedly finds its fairy visions realized. He felt that he was growing. The spell that disinherited him from humanity was broken; he knew that in form, as well as mind, he should be a man; and in the triumph of his convictions he would not have exchanged the promise for an angel's birthright.

Existence is a terrible inheritance when we reflect that eternity fills up the inventory—that a mere breath of time colors it with the glorious hues of everlasting happiness, or the sombre ones of unutterable misery.

It would be impossible to describe or analyse the succession of waking dreams that had passed through the busy brain of Telbin, by the time he reached the field which skirted the high road at the back of the dairy. As he approached the gate, he observed a man respectably attired, with dark, bushy hair and whiskers, loitering near a dog-cart, which he had fastened to one of the trees. Evidently the stranger was waiting for some one.

He did not leave him long in doubt, for quickening his pace, he advanced to the gate and demanded if his name was not Telbin?

"Yes," answered the dwarf; "that is my name."

"And you have a sister?"

"Clara!" exclaimed the youth; "can you relieve my anxiety respecting her? They tell me she has taken an engagement in the country, but that need not prevent her from writing to me. Something, I fear, has happened. If you are human, put an end to the suspense I suffer; let me hear the truth. I can bear it, bear it," he added, "*like a man!*"

The money-lender smiled; the word "*man*" gave him the cue how to proceed in order to gain the confidence of his intended victim.

"I can give you the information you desire," he replied, "but must be assured first there is no mistake, that you really are her brother. You are not very tall, to be sure," he continued, eyeing him doubtfully; "still you are far from being a dwarf."

"How I must have grown!" thought Telbin, exultingly.

"I have been ill," he added aloud; "suffered from fever, and am increasing in stature rapidly. Come with me to the house; the worthy people with whom I reside will satisfy you of my identity."

This would have defeated his treacherous uncle's purpose; so he declared himself perfectly convinced by the explanation.

"Clara is married!" he replied.

"Married!" exclaimed her brother, with astonishment.

"And is about to leave London with her husband, who does not care to burden himself with you. She wishes to see you privately, and has sent me to bring you to her."

"Married!" repeated the youth, his heart swelling painfully at the thought of his being deemed a burden by any one.

"I shall soon be able to work for myself now."

"Well, it certainly does appear likely," observed Mr. Parfit, who saw that the bait had taken.

The assertion was cleverly made, and betrayed no slight knowledge of his nephew's feelings and character. For years it had been a painful reflection to Telbin that he depended upon the earnings of poor Clara.

"You must see her whilst her husband is absent," continued the deceiver; "so make up your mind at once; we have no time to lose."

"Is she far from here?" demanded the dwarf.

"Half an hour's ride. You can be back by noon, at the very latest," replied the money-lender. "Decide. I can't be kept waiting any longer."

"Yes—yes!" exclaimed the victim, greatly excited. "I will go with you. A burden!" he repeated once more to himself. "That was not Clara's thought, but her husband's. He need not fear. Henceforth I will be a burden to no man."

With an agility which rather surprised his unprincipled relative, the speaker climbed over the gate, and stood in the road beside him.

"Wrap yourself in that," said Mr. Parfit, throwing him a warm rug; "you say you have been ill lately, and the air is frosty."

Telbin mechanically obeyed him, his mind still painfully engrossed by the thought of being looked upon as a burden. The word stuck in the poor fellow's throat, and he continued to muse upon it as the triumphant old scoundrel drove rapidly with him towards the Mint in the Borough.

As our readers may suppose, it was neither feeling nor humanity which prompted the suggestion of the horse-rug, but prudence; the appearance of the dwarf being still sufficiently remarkable to attract attention—the thing his uncle particularly wished to avoid.

Although the brother of Clara had passed the greater portion of his life in London, he knew but little of its localities. The irritable sensitiveness of his disposition rendered him unwilling to venture into the street, unless at night, when he could pass unobserved, and escape the annoyance of vulgar curiosity. Yet even he thought the neighborhood of the "Flower-in-Hand" a strange one, and, had his mind been perfectly free from agitation, in all probability would have regarded it with suspicion

"Is my sister staying in this place?" he demanded, as the dog-cart drove up the narrow court at the back of the tavern.

"You forget she can't see you at the friends of her husband," was the reply.

It silenced the poor dwarf. They, too, he thought, might look upon him as a burden.

Mr. Parfit alighted, and bidding his nephew retain the rug round his person, led him through several intricate passages, into the sanctum where he had made his arrangements the preceding night with the notorious thief Wilton. There was no one in it but themselves.

Telbin looked round the room uneasily, and for the first time a vague suspicion crossed him that he had acted unwisely in quitting the dairy without informing the farmer and dame Mayfield of his intention.

The money-lender rang the bell twice.

On hearing the sound of footsteps in the passage, his nephew sprang to his feet, expecting embrace his sister, but instead of Clara, the mountebank and Jack Minton made their appearance. There was nothing particularly forbidding in the features or looks of the two men; the dwarf, however, felt alarmed, and, urged by that instinctive sense of self-preservation which defies the analysis of reason, darted past them with the intention of escaping from the place, and would have succeeded had not the caution of his treacherous relative been quicker than his terror.

"Where would you go?" demanded the hypocrite, seizing him roughly by the collar.

"Anywhere from this house."

"Ridiculous!"

"My sister is not here," exclaimed the youth; "you have deceived me."

"Shut the door, Jack," said Mr. Parfit.

The order was obeyed. But, though hopeless to escape, Telbin did not resign himself without a struggle. He was naturally strong, and in his efforts to break from the rude hand of his enemy, tore off the wig and false whiskers which hitherto so effectually disguised him.

The mountebank broke into a hearty laugh.

"Curse him!" muttered his employer, hastily replacing the disguise.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Wilton; "the farce is over, the make-up useless between brother actors and friends. I should know you anywhere."

Notwithstanding this assertion, Mr. Parfit carefully adjusted the wig and whiskers.

"Why am I brought here?" demanded Telbin, resolutely. "I have never injured any one,"

"Why should any one seek to injure you?" replied his uncle. "The motive is a friendly one. You will understand it all by-and-by."

"There can be no good motive in a lie," observed his nephew, in a tone of defiance.

"Right, although the devil uttered it," exclaimed the mountebank, regarding him with a mixture of curiosity and interest. "I have not deceived you, so you may believe me."

Telbin remained silent.

"I have bought you," continued the speaker.

"Bought me?"

"Yes, to exhibit. I am the proprietor of a menagerie—travelling curiosities, living and dead ones. Now can you understand?"

"Bought me!" repeated Telbin.

"*Of your sister*," added the money-lender; "and now the secret is out."

The blow struck as he intended; the idea of being given up to the fate he most dreaded wrung the heart of the poor dwarf, whose head sank upon his breast, and he sobbed bitterly.

From that moment all his bright dreams vanished, and he submitted in sullen silence to his fate.

"*When shall I hear from you?*" whispered his employer to Wilton, as he took his leave after paying him the hundred pounds agreed upon.

"In three weeks, at the latest," replied the mountebank.

With this understanding they shook hands and parted.

"I don't half like this business," observed the landlord of the "Flower-in-Hand," "It aint exactly in my way. Poor fellow," he added, regarding their victim, "Providence has been hard enough on him already."

Wilton repeated the word "Providence" with an ironical laugh.

"Well, aint there such a thing?" demanded Jack.

"Of course there is," replied the stroller.

"I knew I had read on it in the Bible," muttered Minton, "years ago—years ago."

"*And I in mine*," added the poetical vagabond.

"There is a providence doth shape our ends,
Rough hew them how we may."

With which quotation we must conclude our chapter.

CHAPTER XLVI.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing conscious being ere resigned—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?
GRAY.

It is astonishing with what tenacity men of one idea, or who have dwelt for years on the accomplishment of one particular purpose, cling to life. Death seems to respect their singleness of thought and action, and hesitates, as if reluctant to strike the inevitable blow.

There was one person who watched the last hours of Mark Chambers with intense interest—Sir Jasper Mansell. Two of the days accorded by Mr. Harper had already elapsed. Still the old man lived. The refinement of vengeance could not have contrived a more cruel punishment: a feeble breath, the slightest pressure of his hand could extinguish, was the only obstacle between the wealthy criminal and safety. It was the torment of Tantalus with superadded pangs.

Although the baronet, on his arrival at the bank on the third morning, appeared paler than usual, there was nothing in his manner to betray the dreadful anxiety and feelings which preyed upon his very heart. He attended to his foreign correspondence, opening the letters himself, and noting, in pencil, the reply. That done, he rang for John Ledger to attend him.

"The old man still lingers, Sir Jasper," said the cashier, as he entered the private office. "It is extraordinary how tenacious he appears of life. At his age, too!"

"Few of us like the idea of parting from it," observed his employer with a sigh. "You will attend to these at once," he added; "and when you have entered them, return."

He delivered him the correspondence with a firm hand.

"Any further instructions, Sir Jasper?" inquired Mr. Ledger.

"Not at present."

Left to himself, the speaker wrote a short, business-like letter to Mr. Harper, requesting to see him at the banking-house at noon the next day, on important affairs, and added in a postscript that the communication might prove an agreeable one.

He had just sealed it when the cashier returned.

"Mind you give it into Mr. Harper's own hand," said Sir Jasper. "If you miss him upon 'Change, which is unlikely, proceed to his counting-house; but on no account return without seeing him. It is important."

Having relieved his mind by these instructions, the speaker next sent for the porter and his wife. It was necessary for the carrying out of his purpose that they should be absent.

Surprised at the unexpected summons, the curious prying couple presented themselves before their master.

"My son, Captain Mansell, has left town for Brighton," observed the baronet. "His chambers in the Albany contain much valuable property. It is my wish that you take up your abode there till he returns. You can leave the keys with Mr. Sellon; he will attend to the opening of the bank in the morning."

To such an order there was no other reply than obedience. The porter and his wife felt rather pleased than otherwise at what they considered an unusual mark of confidence.

"I have done all that is possible, humanly speaking," murmured the guilty man; "the rest is in the hands of destiny. A few hours will decide whether I steer my bark into a port of safety, or sink it a wreck upon the rocks that rise menacingly before it. How calm I feel! My pulse beats time as peacefully as though danger and disgrace were words without a meaning to me. This is unnatural," he added; "the lull before the storm—the silence of the wind before the tempest's breath rouses the waves to fury.

"Better so, better so, than womanish, weak despondency."

Sir Jasper Mansell left the banking-house in Lombard street at his usual hour, taking with him the duplicate keys of the private entrance. The rust he had noticed on removing them from the place where they had lain for years had disappeared, and they were bright as when he last used them.

Notwithstanding that he had but a dull time of it, Jim remained faithfully at his post in the chamber of the dying Mark, who, as the shades of evening drew in, sank into that state of half dreamy consciousness which many persons regard as the forerunner of dissolution.

Once or twice the old man muttered something about green fields and flowers, smiled, then sank into a state of apathy again.

"Green fields!" repeated the cripple; "what can ha' put green fields into his head? it be more nor thirty years since he seed 'em. P'raps it's the birds," he added, "as reminds him on 'em; Peachy would sing, although I covered his cage with the table-cloth to prevent his disturbing him."

Mark Chambers spoke again.

"What did yer say?" demanded his attendant.

He listened, and fancied he distinguished the words, "Clement," "desk," and "Justice at last!"

"Thinking of his son as wor murdered never so many years ago," muttered the cripple to himself. "I don't wonder at it. It must ha' been a sad shock to him. Some people say he has not been right since, not that I can see it. To me he be as sensible as the rest of the world."

This was not a very exalted test, perhaps, but to the speaker no doubt a satisfactory one. He was one of those simple creatures who, knowing no wrong, suspected none. Nature, that proved so niggardly at his birth, had given the poor cripple an honest, feeling heart, and a contented mind, to counterbalance his deformity.

There is compensation for most misfortunes, though none for crime. Providence is rarely unjust in her ways.

Towards midnight Mark Chambers became uncommonly restless, raised his head frequently, from his pillow, and listened attentively.

Jim thought the last moment was drawing near, and although he had but confused notions of religion, he remembered what the city missionary had taught him, and began to pray.

"Silence!" said the dying man.

"Hadn't you better pray too?" observed the man meekly.

"Silence!" repeated Mark. "My life has been one prayer, it will be answered at last. Silence! do you not hear a sound?"

"I hear the ticking of the clock, that's all," answered the poor fellow, beginning to feel exceedingly uneasy.

"Extinguish the light."

"The light!" repeated the cripple.

The order was repeated, accompanied by a look so fierce and implacable, that Jim who had bound himself by a solemn promise, made years before, to obey the last injunctions of the old porter, unhesitatingly complied with his request, and the room was left in darkness, not absolute, but that kind of darkness visible which inspires timid minds with all kinds of sickly fancies and fast-crowding fears. He heard the old man rustling in the bed, and offered to assist him.

"My strength will not fail me *now*," was the reply. "Hark again!"

His companion listened, and fancied he could distinguish sounds of footsteps, as if some one were creeping cautiously along the passage below; he paused for a few instants, scarcely drawing his breath—and the suspicion became a certainty.

"There is some one," he whispered

Mark silently pressed his hand.

"I hear them at the door of the yard."

"Is the window open?" demanded the old porter.

"Yes."

"Now raise me, then; raise me for the last time," said the dying man. "If this hope fails me, I abandon it for ever; Providence will have pronounced against me. You recollect what I have told you?—my murdered boy—the desk—the tree."

"Everything," answered Jim, who began to tremble from head to foot. "Everything; but never thought it true till now."

A low, grating noise was heard at the door, exactly beneath the window where Mark Chambers usually sat to pass the night in watching. The sound redoubled his impatience, and, without waiting for the assistance of the cripple, he slid from his bed, and walked firmly to the chair.

Jim gazed on him with astonishment and dread. The triumph of unconquerable will over the body—we might add over death itself—had something in it appalling and supernatural. He attempted to speak, but his voice failed him.

"Silence!" said the old man, in a calm, clear whisper, that caused the blood of his companion to run cold. "The judge hath ascended the judgment-seat. I am ready."

He might have added, "and the executioner," for neither that night were destined to be absent.

Shaded by the thick stuff curtain, drawn partially before the window, the speaker remained gazing intently into the court-yard. Nothing that followed appeared either to move or surprise him. He regarded it as an experienced actor might have done the performance of some tragic scene for which he had long rehearsed his part.

As the door below moved slowly upon its hinges a weight fell from the canopy of the bed upon the coverlet; it made no noise, but was sufficiently heavy to have awakened any one who had been sleeping in it.

Doubtless our readers have not forgotten the porter's report to Harold of the workman with the roll of bell-wire that had mounted to the chamber.

Mark had taken every precaution.

A man advanced stealthily into the court-yard, carrying a spade and a lantern. By the light of the latter the watchers distinctly recognized the features of Sir Jasper Mansell, whose courage might have failed him had he seen the ghastly smile that flitted over the countenance of one of them, as he stood for an instant regarding the window.

"There is no light," he murmured; "the old man is dead at last."

This supposition gave him increased confidence, and he proceeded at once to his long-delayed but necessary task of digging up the desk of Clement Chambers, which he had buried on the night of its owner's death.

"Not yet," muttered Mark, "not yet; I must see it first."

For nearly half an hour the pretended friend, the self-convicted assassin of his son, plied the spade and pickaxe vigorously, shoveling aside the earth. The prize at last appeared within his reach, and stooping over the cavity, he raised it triumphantly.

At the same instant the old man drew from a recess behind the curtain a pistol, which he levelled with deliberate aim and fired.

"Murder!" groaned Sir Jasper.

"Justice!" exclaimed Mark Chambers, in a solemn tone. "The cry of blood has not risen from earth in vain. God is just."

The weapon fell from his hand as he uttered these fearful words, and he sank back on his seat a corpse.

Our readers may imagine the surprise and consternation of the poor cripple, to whom the act had been most unexpected. He knew not what to do. His first impulse was to cry for assistance. The echoes of the old mansion alone replied to him. The next was to strike a light and descend to the court-yard, where he found the baronet still sensible, his hands firmly grasping the desk.

"Who are you?" demanded the wounded man, faintly.

"Jim, Sir Jasper; poor Jim, who sweeps the crossing. Don't you recollect me? Mark got me to sit up with him, but I had no thought of what was a-goin' to happen. It aint my fault—indeed it aint! Only to think of his shooting you!"

"Call him to me; I would speak with him."

"It must be in the next world, then," answered the cripple.

"How mean you?"

"He is dead," said the man; "dead!"

A smile of satisfaction flitted over the pale features of the criminal, who did not deceive himself, however, as to his own fate. He felt that his doom was sealed—the ball had shattered his spine. He might linger, possibly, for a few hours or even days, but recovery was hopeless. Still he rejoiced, for the honor of his name was likely to remain unsullied.

"Shall I run for assistance?" demanded the cripple.

"Lift me first—gently—oh, gently," said the baronet; "carry me to my own room—both the doors are open."

By an extraordinary exertion of strength, Jim contrived to support, or rather drag, the speaker from the courtyard through the passage into the private offices, and place him in one of the great easy chairs.

"Now, then, I will fetch the doctor," he exclaimed, hobbling towards the door.

Sir Jasper called him back.

"Not yet," he said. "Feel in my pocket—the right; you will find a key."

"I have it."

"Open the iron chest."

Jim with some difficulty complied with his request.

"Place that desk in it," exclaimed the baronet, firmly; "lock the door, and replace the key in my pocket."

It was not till these instructions were fulfilled that the head of the great banking house of Mansell and Company permitted the terrified cripple to leave him in search of assistance. His only fear was that death might claim its victim before it arrived.

We may pass over some portion of the scene that followed—the arrival of the police; the attendance of the surgeon, who, after a brief examination, pronounced the word—mortal. Special messengers were at once dispatched one to Brighton for the captain, and a second to Zachariah Imray, who, long before daybreak, was by the side of his dying relative in Lombard street.

To all entreaties for an explanation of the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred, the baronet had but one reply—"accident." Mark Chambers had mistaken him for a robber, and fired at him on the supposition.

Although no one credited this version of the affair, old Zac was the only one that frankly expressed his disbelief.

"Look you, cousin," he said; "speak openly. It is not well to die with falsehold in the heart, or upon the lip. If there has been crime it ought to be punished."

"It has already," groaned the banker; "do not press upon me the subject; my lips are sealed for the sake of others, not my own; it will soon matter little what men say of Jasper Mansell."

"What induced you to visit the bank at such an hour?" demanded his relative; "and the box or chest dug up?"

"Hush! not a word of that."

"Why not?"

Instead of replying, the guilty man groaned deeply, and murmured the name of his nephew Harold. "Would he were here!" he added. "I could trust him; yes, I could trust him."

"And not me?"

"Harold, only Harold; but Heaven will not permit me to atone."

As if in answer to his prayers, our hero, who had landed that very night from the Vectis, made his appearance a few hours later at the bank. The crowd assembled round the doors, and the terrified looks of the clerks who began to arrive, indicated that something unusual had occurred.

John Ledger, in answer to his inquiries, could only point to the room where his uncle lay.

"Sir Jasper has been shot," said the junior cashier, who, not having been so many years in his situation, did not feel himself called upon to display such very violent sorrow.

"Shot!" repeated Harold; "by whom?"

"Mark Chambers."

The inquirer asked no further questions; he recollected his conversation with Riddle; and, without knowing the particulars, partly comprehended the whole affair.

On entering the room his uncle recognized him, and, extending his hand, welcomed him with a faint smile; the desire he so ardently prayed for was gratified.

To the great indignation of Lady Mansell, and the surprise of her uncle, the dying man directed his lawyer, who was present, to draw up a deed, authorizing his nephew, Mr. Harold Mansell, to take possession of the papers contained in the iron chest, and exercise his judgment in destroying or preserving any of them.

"You forget you have a son," observed his wife, with difficulty suppressing her anger at such an arrangement.

"No, I do not," replied her husband, bitterly.

"What will the world say——"

"What it pleases."

"What will it *think?* Sir Jasper."

"I am past caring for its thoughts," was the reply. "It is the only means," he added, whispering the words in the ear of her ladyship, "to preserve the honor of the name you are so proud of."

At this startling revelation, all further opposition on the part of Lady Mansell ceased. She had never suspected her husband of entertaining any very great affection for his nephew, and felt satisfied that it was prudence only which dictated the arrangement.

In one respect she was right; but she forgot the wholesome influence a truthful, Christian spirit might exercise, even over the most sordid natures, at the solemn hour of death.

The deed was prepared and executed, and as soon as the last formality had been accomplished, uncle and nephew were left alone.

"Harold," said the dying man, "I have a trust to repose in you. Will you accept it?"

"Willingly, if compatible with honor; no difficulty nor toil shall dishearten me."

"It will bring wealth to you," whispered the baronet. "Take the key of the iron chest—you will find it in my pocket; but first lock the door, no one must interrupt us at our fearful task. 'Tis well," he added, as our hero obeyed his instructions; "all is now secure, you may open the chest."

Harold turned the ponderous key, and drew forth the desk, half-rotted by time and the damp earth in which it had so long lain buried, and placed it upon the table within reach of the speaker, whose hands trembled violently as he attempted to raise the lid.

"I have lost all nerve," he murmured. "Open it for me, and search, there—there, you have them."

Harold drew forth a roll of bank notes and bills. Sir Jasper tossed the former contemptuously aside; in point of fact they were valueless, the Bank of England having long since cancelled the numbers.

"Read—read the signatures!" said Sir Jasper.

"Clement Chambers."

"No other?"

"None."

His uncle groaned with disappointment, and began to think he had risked his life most uselessly.

"Stay!" added Harold; "here is one, fairly written—Richard Harper."

"'Tis well!" exclaimed the baronet, in a voice of exultation. "I am saved! the victor is defeated. Pass word to the outer office that when my *old friend* Harper arrives I will see him."

"Here are other papers—letters," observed our hero.

"Examine them at your leisure," exclaimed the banker, carelessly. "I can attend to nothing now but the interview with Harper That ended, you shall receive my last instructions."

Several of the letters were written in a female hand. His nephew seated himself near the window, and began to read them. At first his attention wandered, for he thought of the terrible confession he was, doubtless, about to hear. Gradually, however, he became deeply interested.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ONLY A LITTLE FIDGETY!

Are any of our readers unfortunate enough to number a fidgety man among their acquaintances? Have they ever been compelled to listen, with the most patient impatience, to his two-hour-long string of ailments and grievances? If they have, they will sympathize with us, when we say that a fidgety man is worse than a teething baby—more unendurable than house-cleaning, and only a spice better than a fidgety woman.

He's a very nice kind of an individual, nevertheless. You would think, to hear him talk, that Father Job wasn't a circumstance to him, and that if all the saints and martyrs in the Prayer Book ever walked on one pair of legs, he was the possessor thereof! He has no sort of patience with the female fidgets—he looks down on them from a pinnacle of serene scorn! On the whole he means well, but if his wife happen to be one of those meek souls who believe that the world will cease turning round unless their husbands stand by to oil the wheels and look after the valves, she had better be under a thousand-pound-weight millstone at once—the grinding process wouldn't be much worse, and it certainly would be quicker. He never goes to bed without being firmly convinced that there is a robber somewhere in the house, and wakes up everybody to inquire if there isn't a burglar under their beds, or in the wardrobes. He makes the tour of the house regularly after the candles are all blown out, to burrow in the kitchen ashes lest the cook should have left a spark of fire, and to see that the bolts are all fastened. He endures more daily trials than you would conceive possible. The tailor never sends home his coats with the tails of a mathematically correct length, and the new boots invariably press upon his tenderest corn. If the morning paper don't arrive at just such a time, you would think that the whole created universe had come to a stand-still. If a door creaks, he jumps; if the clock ticks too loud, it destroys his comfort. Nothing occurs in the domestic arena without his discovering it, and he takes exception to everything. The flies buzz louder on his window panes, and take a sharper nip at his nose, than they do anywhere else; and if any dyspeptic dog in the neighborhood, after having eaten too many bones, indulges in a howl or two at night, his peace is destroyed—and everybody else's!

On washing days the smell of soapsuds makes him sick; on baking days the sound of rolling-pin and pounding-mortar makes him nervous! Now he constitutes it his rule never to interfere with domestic details—of all things he detests a hen-hussy; but couldn't they have selected any other day for their kitchen orgies than the one on which he happens to remain at home? No use telling him that Bridget didn't know he was in the house. Of course, nobody takes any pains to consult his comfort. He guesses he isn't going to be choked to death in his own house, though. There goes that everlasting bell; he supposes old Grumble is coming to bore his life out of him again; if there's anything in the world that drives him distracted, it is one of these people who are eternally finding fault. He wishes that man was at the bottom of——

"How do you do, Mr. Grumble? Delighted to see you; what a charity it is to drop in of an evening. My love, here is our dear Mrs. Grumble, too! This *is* an unexpected pleasure!"

And the company go away at eleven o'clock, P. M., fully convinced that he is an angel upon earth, and that his wife ought to be the happiest woman alive. Pity they couldn't see behind the curtain.

We never could discover the precise end for which fidgety men and musquitoes were created; but somehow one always reminds us of the other!

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS!

THE COQUETTE.

The coquette may be looked upon as a kind of female orator. To give herself the larger field for discourse, she hates and loves in the same breath, talks to her lap-dog or parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of weather, and in every part of the room. She has false quarrels and feigned obligations to all the men of her acquaintance; sighs when she is not sad, and laughs when she is not merry. The coquette is in particular a great mistress of that part of oratory which is called action, and indeed seems to speak for no other purpose, but as it gives her an opportunity for stirring a limb, or varying a feature, of glancing her eyes, or playing with her fan.

IF a man would keep both integrity and independence free from temptation, let him keep out of debt. Dr Franklin says, "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

YEARS AGO.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Hide your faces, stars of evening,
Hide behind your ether vails!
Hush your sweetly lisping lyrics,
Softly singing autumn gales.
Once I loved you, stars of evening,
Winds, I loved your silvery flow,
When my life was set to music,
Years ago.

Hover there, seraphic faces,
Lingering there love's sweetest tone,
Linked with one beloved presence,
Which the present cannot own.
Where the wild, warm vows we plighted,
Where the friends we worshipped so,
Where the fire that filled our pulses,
Years ago!

Gazing sadly toward our westward,
'Mid our brooding noontide calms,
Where the dream of love and glory
Dreamed 'neath Eros' morning palms!
Counting o'er our lost ambitions,
In Time's sober shadow seen,
Who exultant cries: Eureka!
I am all I might have been.

Vain, oh, vain our voiceless longing,
O'er our morning's perished dust!
Every hour in its bosom
Holds the present's holier trust.
And the saddest of our sorrows,
Are Love's angels in disguise;
Let us entertain them kindly,
They will give us wings to rise.

Show your faces, stars of evening,
Fling away your cloudy vails;
Lisp a low, a lulling lyric,
Sweetly sighing autumn gales!
Married to a purer purpose,
Life is calmer in its flow—
Wells the wine within my pulses,
To a rhythm sweet and low,
Softer than the dreams that thrilled me,
Years ago.

A PRISONER AMONG CANNIBALS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Between the Eastern and China Sea is the island of Formosa, which is over two hundred miles in length and some sixty in breadth. It is at present inhabited by two distinct races—Chinese and Indians—the former occupying the northern and western coast, and the latter the southern and eastern. These two races are separated by a range of mountains running lengthwise of the island, and the two divisions are as different as the people—the lands of the Chinese being low, undulating and arable, and those of the Indians rugged, mountainous, and in some degree sterile. The Chinese are diminutive, timid and industrious—the Indians athletic, fierce and warlike; the former live by their herds, tillage and peaceful arts—the latter by robbing, plundering, capturing and making slaves of their more honest neighbors. A state of constant hostility exists between the two nations. The Indians cross the mountains in formidable bands, swoop down upon the Chinese, pillage and burn their houses, carry off their grain, drive off their herds, and make prisoners of as many men, women and children as they can lay their hands on. These human captives serve the red men in a double capacity—first as slaves, and secondly as food—for the Indians are cannibals, and often feast on human flesh.

Some years ago an English vessel was wrecked on the eastern coast of this island, and four men, half drowned and considerably bruised, found themselves clinging to the rocks and imploring Heaven for succor. From the only survivor of this ill-fated crew we have the following thrilling narrative of peril, adventure, suffering and escape:

"As our vessel went to pieces upon a foaming reef, within a hundred yards of the rocky shore of the island of Formosa, I managed to get hold of a spar, to which I clung with all the tenacity of a drowning man. Three others got hold of the same support simultaneously with myself, and for a few minutes we were whirled about with terrible velocity, and then a huge wave suddenly landed us upon a low ledge of rocks, a few feet above the level of the seething and roaring waters that madly broke against them. Though half dead from exhaustion and seriously bruised, yet the hope of life brought every faculty into active play, and in less than a minute we were all beyond the danger of being swept back into the boiling and foaming surf.

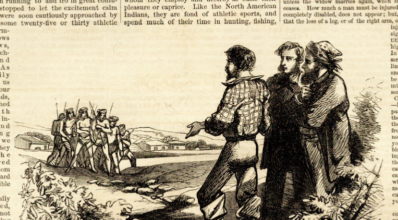
"This happened not far from mid day—the wind blowing a gale, and the rain beating against us in driving sheets. We could only see a short distance out upon the angry sea, though clearly beyond the point where our vessel had gone to pieces. We now and then detected some portions of the wreck whirling about in the surf, but nowhere could we perceive a sign of human life. Of the twenty-two human beings composing the officers and crew of that ill-fated ship, we were all that were now left alive; and as we looked at the frowning rocks above us, the awful destruction below, listened to the wild howlings of the storm, and considered our almost helpless condition, on an island said to be inhabited by a fierce race of cannibals, we almost envied those who were sleeping their last sleep. Their earthly troubles at least were over, while the unknown future might hold for us such terrors and sufferings as would make us pray for death as a relief.

"But still the proverb, 'while there is life there is hope,' gave us a little cheer; and thanking God for our present preservation, we began to toil up the rocks to see what lay beyond. We were so exhausted and bruised as to make our ascent very slow and painful, and nearly every step was attended with a groan of both mental and physical suffering.

"At length we reached the summit of the cliff, and found ourselves on the edge of a heavy wood. We stopped to rest a few minutes, and then pushed forward for a quarter of a mile, through a thicket of undergrowth, when to our surprise we suddenly came in sight of a small, neat village of stone houses, scattered upward along the slope of a neighboring hill from the bed of a romantic valley through which flowed a babbling stream. We could see what looked like gardens, shade trees, orchards, green lawns, and, far back, fields of pasture and grain, the whole having the appearance of a high state of civilization. Could this be the abode of savages and cannibals? No—never—impossible—and we shouted for joy at the thought that Providence had thrown us among a people who would not deny us the rights of hospitality. Alas! we knew little of the future.

"As we were about to again set forward, with brightened spirits, a sad event took place among us. One of our companions, who had seemed the most delighted at the discovery of the village, suddenly stopped, sat down, pressed his hands against his breast, and complained of a feeling of suffocation. Almost the same moment he fell over on his back, and an examination disclosed the startling fact that he was dead. The fatigue and excitement had proved too much for the action of a diseased heart, and he had gone to join the spirits of those who had perished in the deep. As we had no means of burying him, we placed his body upon a high rock, took away the few trifling things we found in his pockets, and in a more sad, dejected mood, set forward toward the village, with the expectation of getting assistance from the natives and returning to perform the last sad office of humanity. But we never returned. We called him 'poor fellow' then—we envied his fate afterward.

"As we approached the village, we came upon a few Chinese laborers, at work in the storm in an open field. On seeing us, they fled with cries of terror, and in a few minutes the whole town was in a state of the wildest alarm—horns blowing, tom-toms beating, and men, women and children running to and fro in great confusion. We stopped to let the excitement calm down, and were soon cautiously approached by a band of some twenty-five or thirty athletic warriors, armed with bows and arrows, spears, matchlocks and knives. As they warily drew near us we held up our open hands, and watched them with breathless interest and sinking hearts, for we could see they were the dreaded red men of whom we had heard such terrible accounts.



"Physically considered, they were not an ill-looking set of men, being of good stature, with well developed limbs and bodies. Their skins were a bright copper-color, and their hair black and long, sweeping down in large masses around their necks and shoulders. Their features I did not like, the general expression being too fierce and sensual. Their foreheads were narrow, their eyes black and snaky, their cheek-bones high and sharp, their noses large and arched, and their mouths and jaws huge and massive. They wore a sort of turban around the head, and a strip of cotton cloth about the body. These two articles formed their entire costume, and their only ornaments were large rings depending from their ears.

"As soon as they had satisfied themselves that we were not armed and hostile, they came up boldly, and one, who seemed to be a leader or chief, and whose only distinctive mark was a crimson sash around the waist, made signs to know from whence we came. I replied to him as well as I could, and when I made him understand that we were wrecked, he seemed highly pleased, and hurried us off to the village, where, after undergoing a close and troublesome examination from a crowd of women and children, we were locked up in a small stone house, which had but one apartment, and no outlet save the door.

"Here we remained, a prey to conjecture, till dark, when the chief and several warriors came in with a torch, and showed us some things that proved they had found the wreck. They then proceeded to strip us, and feel of our limbs and bodies, after the manner of so many butchers examining the animals they intend to slay. We remembered we were among cannibals, trembled with terror, and regretted we had not perished with the vessel. Both of my companions were larger and stouter than myself, and one was quite fleshy. With him the savages seemed much pleased. They pinched and patted him, and nodded to each other with smiles, while he, poor fellow, with ashen, trembling lips, and eyes half starting from their sockets, looked the horror we all felt, but which no language could speak. Next in their approval was my other companion, but for myself they cared little, and for once in my life I thanked God for being small, thin, bony and muscular.

"After this examination they went out, carrying all our clothes with them. In the course of an hour they brought us a large dish of boiled rice, and about a gallon of water, and then left us for the night. We had little appetite for eating, as may readily be believed, and our feverish sleep, on the moist, bare ground, was filled with the most horrid dreams.

"The storm abated about midnight, and the morning broke fair. At daylight six savages came into our prison with ropes, and proceeded to bind our arms behind our backs. They then led us out to a sort of common in the centre of the village, where most of the inhabitants were collected—nearly every Indian, male and female, being attended by a Chinese slave of the same sex. In the middle of the area was a circular wall of masonry, about five feet high and sixty in circumference, and around the inner side of this wall was a row of faggots. The largest of my companions was now separated from us, and bound back to back with a Chinaman of near his own size, and then, amid cries of terror from the two victims, and shouts of delight from the savage spectators, they were lifted over into the arena, and the fagots set on fire. The spectacle which followed was horrid beyond description, and the shrieks, moans and groans of the poor fellows, as the flames encompassed and blistered their flesh, and then literally roasted them alive, are ringing in my ears yet. Being lashed back to back, each one, as he retreated from the circular fire, pushed the other nearer to it, and their struggles in this way made a fiendish sport for their tormentors, who almost drowned their screams of agony with yells of laughter. When at last they fell down exhausted, they were left upon the ground to bake till the fire burned out, after which their dead and roasted bodies were removed and eaten, each one cutting off a slice to his or her liking, and devouring it greedily. When all was over, my companion and myself were taken back to our prison more dead than alive.

"We were kept shut up there for a week, and then he was taken out and roasted in the same manner, and I was left alone, the last surviver of the ill-fated crew. I starved myself as much as I could, for fear I should get into a good condition for their horrid purpose, and after keeping me a week longer, my captors signified that I might take one of the squaws to wife and have my liberty. The female selected for my partner was old and ugly, but the hope of escape made me seem pleased with the revolting alternative, and thus I became a member of the infernal tribe.

"For a month I was closely watched and guarded, but I affected to be so well contented with my new life, that by the end of that time their vigilance began to relax, and then I felt almost certain of being able to effect my escape to the other side of the island, and there finding refuge among another race. Meantime I had to be a witness to several other human roastings, and was even obliged to partake of the revolting food with seeming relish, to prevent suspicion of any dissatisfaction with my wretched lot.

"Of the cannibals of Formosa, I have little knowledge beyond those of the village in which I was for three months a prisoner, but from what I saw, I am inclined to believe the whole race are complete savages, without industry or art, and not a whit removed from the barbarism of their ancestors. It is true their houses and lands have a look of civilization; but these they owe to the skill and labor of their captives, whom they employ and destroy as suits their pleasure or caprice. Like the North American Indians, they are fond of athletic sports, and spend much of their time in hunting, fishing, fighting and marauding. They have war songs and war dances, and believe in some sort of religion, which principally consists in propitiating the evil spirit by the most diabolical human sacrifices. Some of the women are rather comely in appearance, but their natures are fierce and intractable, and their moral qualities of the lowest order. The three months I was compelled to remain with these savages was an age of horror, and did more to break down my constitution than previous years of hardships, exposures and privations.

"At last I managed to escape in the night, and after concealing myself two days in a hollow tree, I pursued my way, with perilous adventure, and reached a large Chinese settlement in an exhausted condition. Here at least I was kindly treated and cared for, and at length succeeded in getting passage to Canton, and thence to my native land. But since my return I find I am not the same man I was before, and the recollection of the horrid scenes I witnessed often makes me shudder in my waking moments, and shriek out with terror in my sleep."

SWEET SIXTEEN.

Poetically, it is very well. Practically, I object to it. Has it ever "a decent dress," although the family sempstress works from morning till night of every day in the year, taking in and letting out, lengthening and shortening, narrowing here and widening there. The very first day a new dress is worn, don't "sweet sixteen" tear it, and that in a most conspicuous place, and in the most zig-zag manner. *Could* she "help it," when there is always a protruding nail or splinter lying in wait purposely for her, which by no foresight of her's could be walked round, or avoided? Don't the clouds always seem to know when she has on a new bonnet, and the mud when she wears new gaiters? And when she wants her umbrella at school, isn't "the nasty thing" always at home, and when she needs it at home, is it not always perversely at school? Don't "sweet sixteen" when she takes a notion to sit down and sew, always locate herself by the side of the bed, which she sticks full of needles, and going her way straightway forgetteth, till roused by the shrieks of punctured sufferers? Don't "sweet sixteen" always leave the street door open, and the gas in her room burning at high pressure all night? Does she ever own a boot-lacing, or a pin, or a collar, although purchases of these articles are made for her continually, if not oftener? Isn't her elder sister always your "favorite," and was she ever known to like her breakfast, dinner or supper, or prefer wholesome food to saccharine and dyspeptic messes? Is she ever ready to go to bed of a night, or get up of a morning? Don't she always insist on wearing high heels to her boots, which are constantly locating her feet where her head should be? Don't she always, though consulted as to the hues and make of her garments, repine at the superior color and fit of those of Adelina Seraphina Elgitha Smith's? And finally, although she has every thing she wants, or thinks she wants, isn't every thing, and every body, "*real mean, and so there!*"

FANNY FERN.

HUSBAND YOUR STRENGTH.

If the mind is kept in a very active state for a long period, and the brain too much exhausted by mental labor, all the other functions of the body are seriously damaged from the diminished supply of nervous influence. Long-continued study, or mental application, exhausts so large an amount of nervous force, that enough is not left for the due stimulus of the other organs, and health may thus be seriously impaired. The mind itself soon becomes a sufferer, and the nutritive organs are rendered incapable of sending into the circulation blood fit for perfect nourishment of the body.

There is a limit to mental as well as to bodily exertion; both carried to excess, exhaust and wear out the individual. This is one example of the harmony of action and mutual adaptation of all parts of the body. Every human power and faculty properly used, helps to maintain the health and strength of the whole system; improperly used, it impairs the power of its own and of all other organs. Bodily exercises tend to promote health and strength; but, carried to excess, will wear out the power of renovation, and exhaust the strength of the most powerful constitution. Nature seems to point out that bodily and mental exercise should alternate, the too exclusive employment of either being injurious. Where the body has been overworked, there is neither inclination nor power for mental exertion, and it is necessary to refresh and invigorate the system by food and sleep, in order to restore the exhausted nervous force. Where the mind is overtaxed, and little or no relaxation or exercise is permitted, the digestive organs soon give way, and some form of dyspepsia is engendered. Healthy nutriment is not supplied; the body grows weak; and the individual at length becomes incapable of taking the necessary exercise to maintain health.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILITARY—The highest pension that can be granted to an officer of our army is one half the pay of a lieutenant-colonel, i. e. $47,50 per month. This amount of pension would be given to any officer of that rank or above that rank, who should be completely disabled while on duty. It would probably be granted, also, to a major or captain. The pension of a disabled first lieutenant is $17 per month; second lieutenant, $15; third lieutenant, $14; ensign, $13; non-commissioned officer or private, $8. The widow or dependent child of an officer who dies of wounds received in action is entitled to his half-pay for five years, unless the widow marries again, when it immediately ceases. How much a man must be injured for him to be completely disabled, does not appear; but, we presume, that the loss of a leg, or of the right arm, or a permanent injury to the eye-sight would entitle a man to the highest pension. In the English service, every limb has its price, and a man may be gradually shot into a very handsome income.

CENTRAL PARK.—If you accompanied ladies to the Park, and they ran away from you, we do not know how you could be to blame for not going home with them. But in a case like this we cannot decide without knowing more of the circumstances than you have told us.

SAN FRANCISCO.—If a lady ask you to take her where it is clearly not expedient for a young lady to go, you should act the part of an honorable man, and decline, as you did, to do so.

CATASTANQUA.—The duties of the Secretary of War, as laid down in various acts of Congress, are as follows: To communicate the orders of the President respecting the army; to keep the books of the army, the record of commissions, and the accounts of warlike stores, to issue commissions and decide disputed points respecting the duties and rights of officers; to grant discharges to non-commissioned officers and privates; to purchase sites for military structures, to superintend the manufacture, purchase, and distribution of firearms, ordnance and all weapons; to make an annual report to Congress of the military condition of the nation; to receive and preserve all flags and other trophies captured from the enemies of the United States; and to make all contracts for the supply of the army. He is, in short, the provider, book-keeper, and financier of the army, and the organ and interpreter both of the orders of the President and the enactments of Congress.

A YOUNG ENGLISH LADY wants to know if, because a lady has entered into a marriage engagement with a gentleman, he can hold her to it, even though she does not love him, and shows him that she contracted the engagement under a great mistake—"the facts of the case being she adds, "simply these: the young lady loved and was beloved by a gentleman, but a slight estrangement having taken place between them, and she hearing that he had become engaged to another young lady, accepted the offered hand of an old suitor whom she had before rejected, and whom she did not, does not, and never can love. Since that unfortunate acceptance, she has learned that her other lover is not, and never has been engaged, but loves only her, and she loves only him, but the once rejected and now accepted suitor stands in the way, and will not yield, and threatens a law-suit in case his love-suit be given the go by. Now, what is she to do? She would not care for *legal* consequences if she felt that she had the *moral* right to break off her engagement and marry the man she loves." It would certainly be *morally wrong* for her to marry a man whom she dislikes; and a man who would persist in holding a woman to an engagement made under such circumstances, can have no such basis of self-respect or true manliness as is necessary in order to inspire the least degree of love or esteem. Let him go, therefore, and let him bring his law-suit if he chooses. It would be as disastrous as his love-suit, and much more expensive.

HORATIO.—This correspondent, like many other persons, appears to consider all young ladies to be as much alike as though they formed a distinct class of creatures—as leopards, giraffes, so that what is good for one is good for another. Horatio loves a young lady, and desires to make her a present of a book of poetry. He therefore asks, "Which of the two poets would you advise me to present, Spenser or Cowper?" It depends, of course, upon the character of the girl. The two poets named are as different from each other as the dahlia and the lily—as different as one young lady is from another. A highly intellectual young lady, very patient, and of superior taste, would prefer Spenser; while a girl of average understanding and no particular elevation of taste would of course prefer the sweet and melancholy Cowper. Spenser is a tough fellow to master—there is a burr to him. Cowper, like cream candy, melts in the mouth.

SERGEANT.—The duty of a quartermaster, according to the authorities, is, in brief, to provide and regulate quarters and transportation. He has in charge the stores of clothing and equipage; sees to the selection of camping grounds, and to the erection and packing of the tents; provides fuel, straw, stationery and forage; looks after the stabling of the wagon horses and the conduct of the teamsters; does the post office business for his corps; attends to burying the dead, the hiring of expresses, interpreters, spies and guides; arranges for supplying the camp with water and pays the daily expenses incurred on the march or in the enemy's country. A quartermaster's sergeant assists his superior in these duties.

SAILOR.—Don't be cross, sir. We did not answer your question with regard to the pay of seamen in the navy, because we have often given the information. And as to your silly sneer at lovers' questions, know this, that love is the most important and most interesting of all mundane affairs. We are now employing half a million men to fight, and two hundred ships, and we are spending a million dollars a day, and what for, do you think? Why, in order that men and women may have a safe, peaceful and honorable country in which to make love, and marry, and rear families. Put that in your pipe, you cranky old Jack Tar, and smoke it.

BANKS.—The daily ration in our service is three-quarters of a pound of bacon or pork, or a pound and a quarter of fresh meat; 18 ounces of bread or flour, or a pound and a quarter of meal, or 12 ounces of hard biscuit; and to every hundred men, 8 quarts of peas or beans, or 10 pounds of rice; 6 pounds of coffee, 12 pounds of sugar, 4 quarts of vinegar, a pound and a half of tallow, a pound and a quarter of candles, 4 pounds of soap and 2 quarts of salt. This is all the government allows. So if you want butter, you must buy it.

JARED L.—The best remedies for camp diarrhœa are REST and RICE. Lie still, sleep, read novels, don't worry, eat *nothing* but boiled rice and thin broth until the disease is cured. Avoid eggs as you would poison, and everything containing eggs. Take not an atom of meat or bread while the disease is unchecked. Drink no milk, and drink of other things as little as possible. The great remedy for fever and ague is change of air. If you take the disease in a low country, go into the hills and you will soon mend.

A SISTER.—We do not know of any means by which you could send your brother, who is held a prisoner by the rebels, any money or other material aid and comfort, especially as you do not tell us where he is. The rebels would appropriate to their own use any such thing that you might send him.

ELDER.—The line, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," occurs in the old play of Alexander the Great, which was very popular fifty years ago. The second line quoted by you, "The woman who deliberates is lost," is from Addison's Cato. Your third quotation we have not yet traced to its source.

MILTON.—We cannot give you the exact information which you ask. We are informed, however, that a family of five persons, with an ordinary allowance of baggage, can be transported from New York to Australia for about five hundred dollars.

INQUIRER.—The commission of George Clark as lieutenant-governor of the province of New York was dated July 13th, 1736.

YOUNG PATRIOT.—The law limits the number of midshipmen, and requires that appointments from each State shall be apportioned, as nearly as practicable, equally among the several Congressional districts therein, and that the person so appointed shall be an actual resident of the Congressional district of the State from which he is appointed, and be recommended by the member of Congress representing the district in which he resides. Application should be made by the member of Congress representing the Congressional district in which the applicant resides, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy. No application will be considered where the candidate is under or above the prescribed age; where the precise age, and actual and fixed residence, are not stated; and where the applicant is not a resident of the Congressional district of the State from which he applies. The selection of candidates is made annually, and candidates who receive permission, will present themselves to the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, between the 20th and 30th of September. No candidate will be received into the Academy at any other time. Upon reporting to the Superintendent, candidates will be examined by a Board of Medical officers, and by the Academic Board of the Academy, as to their qualifications for admission into the Academy. No candidate will be admitted into the Naval Academy, unless at the time of examination he is found qualified, in the opinion of the Medical Board, to discharge the arduous duties of an officer of the Navy, and shall have passed a satisfactory examination before the Academic Board. If both these examinations result favorably, the candidate will receive an acting appointment as a Midshipman, become an inmate of the Academy, and be allowed his travelling expenses from his residence. If, on the contrary, he shall not pass both these examinations, he will receive neither an acting appointment nor his travelling expenses. A candidate who has once presented himself for examination, under the permission of the Department, and has been rejected, cannot be allowed to present himself for examination a second time. *Qualifications:*—Candidates must be over fourteen and under seventeen years of age at the time of the examination for admission; must be free from deformity and disease and imperfections of the senses. They must be of good moral character, able to read and write well—writing from dictation, and spelling with correctness—and to perform with accuracy the various operations of the primary rules of arithmetic, viz.: numeration, and the addition, subtraction, multiplication, and the division of whole numbers. Candidates for appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, must be over sixteen and under twenty-one years of age, at the time of entrance into the Military Academy. They must be at least five feet in hight, and free from any deformity, disease, or infirmity, which would render them unfit for the military service, as well as from any disorder of an immoral or infectious character. They must be able to read well, spell correctly, write a fair and legible hand, and to perform with facility and accuracy the various operations of the four ground rules of Arithmetic; of reduction, of simple and compound proportion, and of vulgar and decimal fractions. No person will be appointed who is known to have had a brother appointed to the Military Academy. It must also be understood that every candidate will, soon after his arrival at West Point, be subjected to a rigid physical examination by an experienced Medical Board; and should there be found to exist in him any bodily disqualification to such a degree as will probably impair his efficiency, he will be rejected. Application for appointment may be made by the candidate himself, or by a parent, guardian, or friend, at any time within the twelve months next preceding the time for making appointments, and should be addressed to the Secretary of War. No preference is given on account of priority of application, and no information can be given as to the probability of success. The letter of application must state the fixed abode of the candidate, the number of the Congressional district in which he resides, and whether he has had a brother appointed to the Military Academy. It must state his precise age, his hight, and whether he possesses all the qualifications above set forth. Appointments are made in February or March, and the successful candidates are required to present themselves at the Academy in the following June.

F. M.—We do not wish to "give an *absolute* opinion as to the propriety and prudence of any couple's marrying," even with the description you offer to furnish of their "temperaments, ages, size, color of hair and eyes, and phrenological developments." If the parties themselves cannot tell what manner of fortune lies before them, how can they expect a stranger to do so? and if they do not know themselves or at least *think* they do, it would be advisable to set about getting a knowledge of and faith in each other as soon as possible.

TERPSICHORE.—We have repeatedly answered the question you ask in regard to a man's marrying a wife older than himself. Such a marriage might be a happy one, but the general rule is—

"Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways the level in her husband's heart
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than woman's are.
Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection may not hold the bent."

G. M. says he is in a sad and painful dilemma, his heart pulling one way and his reason another. His lady-love broke her engagement with him, during his absence in a distant city, and engaged herself to another man. This was a terrible blow, but he resigned himself to it. Now having broken her engagement with her new lover, she is desirous to renew her vows with our correspondent. "What shall I do?" he asks. We advise you to have nothing to do matrimonially with a lady so fickle-minded as your old sweetheart has proven herself.

MARY.—The "patience on a monument smiling at grief" passage which you are so anxious to find, occurs in Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night," and is spoken of a certain young lady, who was passionately in love, &c.:

"She never told her love,—
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought:
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

JOHN.—If you can, as you say, "go through college just as well as not" before commencing your legal studies, you ought to do so. Your education can not be too good, and in the profession of the law you will want all the information, knowledge, mental training, and habits of tenacious application that you can acquire.

J. W.—A son who is under age, and lives at home, and is supported by his father, should obey him cheerfully, although he be "a man grown," as you claim to be. So well grown a youth should also seek to grow in manners, docility, obedience, filial reverence, and all other qualities and attributes which most adorn a man.

A NEW YORKER.—Before again attempting to deceive two young ladies, by not being perfectly candid and straightforward as to a matter of invitation, remember that ladies sometimes compare notes on these subjects, when together, and if either has been deceived by the same gallant, the world will be likely to hear of it.

ZOUAVE.—In the Crimea, the French troops were *not* armed with the improved rifled musket, but with the old-fashioned smooth bore. One or two brigades had better weapons, but the mass of the army had no better guns than brown Bess. So reported the American officers who were sent to see how things were done.

ROB ROY.—We do not publish the addresses of private persons in the LEDGER. One of the men whose address you ask for has been dead several years; and there are a number of noblemen of the family name and title of the one to whom you refer, who live in different European countries.

Y. Z.—You say you are a clerk in a country store, at a salary of one hundred and eighty dollars a year, and that your employer knowing you wish to marry, has agreed to raise your salary if you do so. Shall you venture? Yes, if the lady is disposed to be economical and prudent—not else.

WOODBRIDGE.—Is it proper for a lady and gentleman to correspond, between whom there is no relation except that of friendship? Many things may not be improper, which at the same time are not expedient; this is a case in point.

SQUIB.—Mohammed may be the "real name" of the founder of the Arabian religion, and not Mahomet, which last may be a corruption of the real name. However, if you will say Mahomet, say so, and in so saying you may as well pronounce it in the usual manner, Ma-*hom*-et.

RUDOLPH.—Agesilaus is a name of five syllables, and should be thus pronounced: A-ges-i-*la*-us; but nine persons in ten say Agesi*laus*, and in this democratic country such an overwhelming majority as that *will* rule even as to the pronunciation of a word.

CANADA WEST.—The President of the United States is not the person to address on the subject of your newly invented cannon. Apply by letter to the Colonel of Ordnance, Department of War, Washington, D. C.

RECRUIT.—A private who wantonly throws away his musket, or injures it, is liable to have the amount of the loss deducted from his pay. This is the rule in all services.

C.—No housekeeper should consider any kind of housework too low for her to do personally; *if necessary*, even to "wash clothes" as you mention.

⁂ Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.